★July 19 1930

THE NEW YORKER

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•

TROUSSEAU ROOM—THIRD FLOOR

Standardized *by* U. S. G. A.

TAKE a good look at me, golfers. I'm the new Wilson HOL-HI. You'll see a lot of me this year on every golf course in the land. I measure 1.68 through the middle . . . I weigh 1.55 . . . I'm just what the U. S. G. A. ordered.

I'm not modest. Modesty is often the inferiority complex of the mediocre. I'm a wonderful ball. I have the guts to stand the gaff, go the distance and stick to the line.

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HOL-HI

1.68 diameter 1.55 weight

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 22, July 19, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

Produced
by
Wilson
GOLF EQUIPMENT
WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.
FOOTBALL. . . BASEBALL. . . BASKETBALL. . . TENNIS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JULY 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 26. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APRON STRINGS—A young marriage, which was almost upset by a posthumously managing mother. (48th Street, 48, E.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith in St. John Ervine's entertaining treatment of the old story of the smart wife and the errant husband. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—Marc Connelly's beautiful Old Testament epic told in terms of an old Negro's imagination. The best thing of the year, and the winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THE LAST MILE—An intensely interesting and finely depressing account of an attempted jail-break and the causes leading up to it. (Harris, 42, W.)

LOST SHEEP—Complications arising from a former house of ill-fame being rented to a Methodist vicar and his three daughters. A very funny idea, rather attenuated. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs., 2:40 P.M.; no Sat. Mat.)

LYSISTRATA—Good hearty slapstick from the Greek of Aristophanes, with hearty sex as its theme. The players include Violet Kemble Cooper, Miriam Hopkins, and Ernest Truex. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Light comedy which might have been salacious if it weren't so nice and clean. Easily the best of its class. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—Jimmie Savo, Jack Benny, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly are four as funny people as could be crowded into one show. This particular show happens to be very dirty. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

FLYING HIGH—Bert Lahr neighing his way, amid constant screams from the audience, through a good musical show which boasts a DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson score, and Oscar Shaw. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GARRICK GAIETIES—Some good sketches and some fair tunes, with a lot of young people to supply spirit. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SONS O' GUNS—The war in musical comedy and without offence. In fact, with a great deal of delight, especially through Jack Donahue. (Imperial, 45, W.)

THREE LITTLE GIRLS—For those who like their musical comedy with lots of music and not much comedy, in the manner of *Alt Wien*. The Hall Sisters and Martha Lorber lend charm and fine voices. (Shubert, 44, W.)

WHO CARES?—Some members of the Lambs Club putting on a show made up of sketches from recent "Gambols." The dancing is the most promising feature. (46th Street, 46, W.)

•

VAUDEVILLE—Molly Picon will be at the Palace Fri., July 18. Eddie Dowling and Lester Allen will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., July 19. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Dinner dancing in the Italian Garden; quiet Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Joseph Urban décor and Leo Reisman's orchestra; dancing during dinner and after the theatre.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 4863)—For after-theatre dancing; Emil Coleman's orchestra, Russell John, and dances by Rosita and Ramon.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 1351)—Rudy Vallée and his band playing for supper in agreeable surroundings.*

ROOFS—St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), Vincent Lopez music and dances by Veloz and Yolanda; open for dinner and supper. Must dress. . . . Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), open for dinner and dancing until 11 P.M. Must dress. . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100); and St. George Roof, Clark St., Brooklyn (Main 10000), are worth the trip for the harbor view. . . . Other roofs and near-roofs are: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; and Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33. . . . Not up-in-the-air, but cool and airy: Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45; New Yorker Terrace Restaurant, 8 Ave. at 34; and Commodore Summer Garden, Lexington at 42.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Some of the more interesting after-theatre places of this type are: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, popular with the stay-out-all-nights. . . . Salon Royal, 308 W. 58, also open late, with Chick Endor and Muriel Johnston. . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, large and crowded, with no cover charge, and a rough but entertaining revue (also open for dinner).

GREENWICH VILLAGE—For informal and inexpensive evenings: The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

JUST OUT OF TOWN

(An hour's drive, more or less, from Times Sq. and open until 2 A.M.)

BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246—Dining and dancing on the terrace.

HENRI'S, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L. I.—For dinner only (no dancing). Recommended for exquisite cuisine.

HOLLYWOOD GARDENS, Pelham P'kway—A big open-air place for dinner, supper, and dancing, featuring Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. Revue at 7:30 and midnight.

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I.—Guy Lombardo's orchestra and good food.

PELHAM HEATH INN, Pelham P'kway at Eastchester Rd.—Vincent Lopez music.

RICHARDS', Bronx River P'kway, Tucka-

(Continued on page 6)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

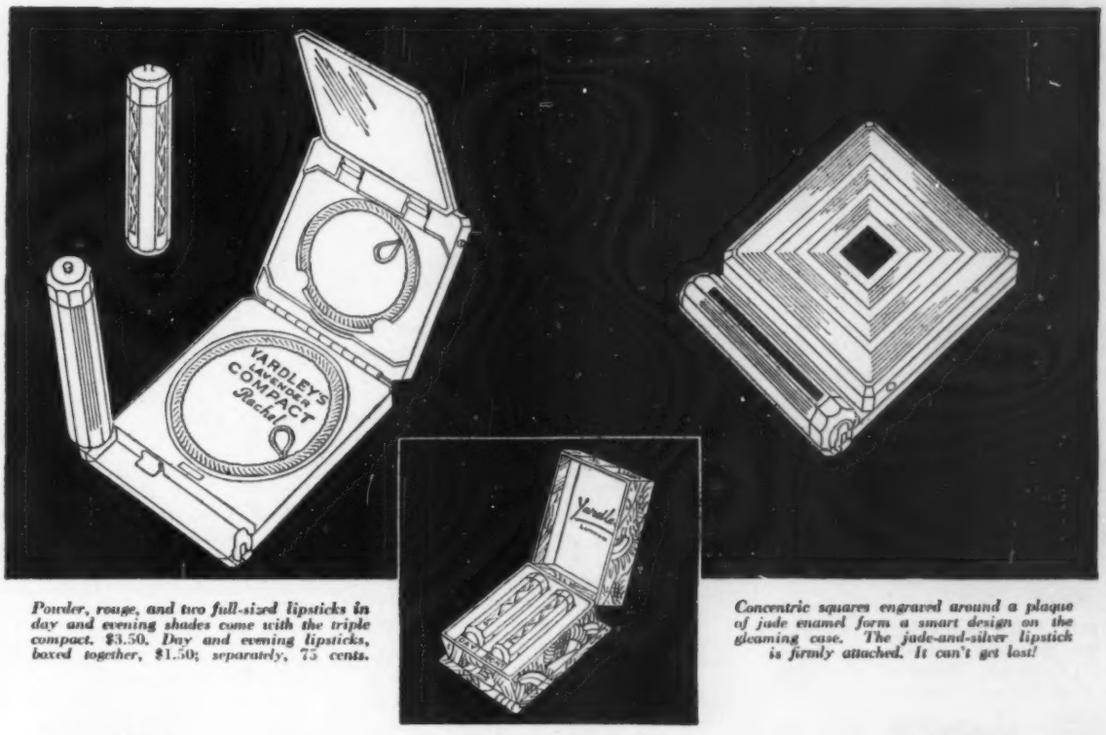
	Page
THE THEATRE	26
SHOUTS AND MURMURS	30
A REPORTER AT LARGE	32
LONDON LETTER	41
TEE AND GREEN	46
THE RACE TRACK	49
THE CURRENT CINEMA	54
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
SUMMER FOIBLES	56
ABOUT THE HOUSE	59
AS TO MEN	61
CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS	64
AMONG THE NEW BOOKS	66

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 8200

FROM YARDLEY OF LONDON

To All The Lipstick-Losers

THIS SMART, NEW TRIPLE COMPACT WITH INTERCHANGEABLE LIPSTICKS FOR DAY AND EVENING



Powder, rouge, and two full-sized lipsticks in day and evening shades come with the triple compact. $3.50. Day and evening lipsticks, boxed together, $1.50; separately, 75 cents.

Concentric squares engraved around a plaque of jade enamel form a smart design on the gleaming case. The jade-and-silver lipstick is firmly attached. It can't get lost!

THROUGH THE DAY

A lipstick need only accent the shape and color of the lips. And it must never show a line. So . . . Yardley's "Natural."

AND BY CANDLELIGHT

. . . when jewels gleam against evening gowns, a lipstick vibrant and intense. Yardley's "Vivid" or "Cherry."

FULL-SIZED lipsticks, both of them. One for daytime . . . subtle, natural . . . an accent. One for evening . . . vivid, brilliant, blended frankly for artificial light.

And interchangeable! Slip out one, insert the other. Snap the holder back into place. That's all. Isn't it ingenious? Convenient? Altogether charming?

The "feel" of the lipstick, too, is delightful. And the fragrance. This is a *Yardley* compact . . . heir to eight generations of preference by gentlewomen.

The case? Non-tarnishable, in a modern design of jade and silver. The size? Two inches wide, two and a half inches long, and astonishingly thin. Small enough to go handily into the slimmest bag. Large enough to need only infrequent refills. The price? $3.50 (with both sticks). *You can get one at the nearest shop.*

Yardley & Company, Ltd., 33 Old Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York City; also Toronto and Paris.

Yardley's English Lavender

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Continued from page 4)

hoe, N. Y.—A nice place to dance; Rodney Lambert's orchestra.

SHOW PLACE, Merrick Rd., Lynbrook, L.I.—Texas Guinan's summer home. Show at 8:30 and midnight. Open all night.

NOTE—Coney Island jaunters in search of sea-food dinners might try: Feltmans, Surf Ave., Coney Island; or Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT—The best German war novel made into the best and most savagely terrifying picture of life in the trenches. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

THE BIG HOUSE—Stirring scenes of prison life, including a riot. With a story that isn't so brilliant. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.)

HOLIDAY—The pitiful lives of the very rich, excellently adapted from Philip Barry's play. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE—Interesting pictures of the great expedition. Well photographed, and for the most part silent. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Thurs. and Fri., July 24 and 25; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—Where you can take your fill of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Journey's End," an extraordinarily fine picture of the play, with Colin Clive of the original London company; "One Romantic Night," Lillian Gish, fragile and charming, in the Molnar comedy of love and royalty; "The Silent Enemy," a silent movie of the Ojibway Indians and their problems in the Far North; "The Unholy Three," Lon Chaney in his old picture, but talking this time.

ART

ACADEMIC—The accepted American group—Davies, Eakins, Homer, Inness, Lawson, Ryder, etc.: Babcock, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

AMERICANS—Samples of the younger group—Kuniyoshi, Dickinson, Spencer, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

CONTRASTS—Some Derain, Utrillo, Braque, etc., set up for the summer, along with Bruce and Sterne for contrast: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN—A résumé of the various exhibits of the past season, showing some fine canvases by Van Gogh, Matisse, Cézanne, Renoir, Burchfield, Demuth, Marin, etc.: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—The various French masters of the earlier days—Degas, Sisley, Boudin, and other men who became famous with this house: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

MIXED—A little of everything from Bacon to Picasso for the hot weather: G.R.D. Galleries, 58 E. 55. Open Fridays only, 1 to 6 P.M.

MODERN FRENCH—Examples by Matisse, Picasso, Dufy, Gromaire, and others: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

UTRILLO—Also Chirico, Kisling, and various other contemporary French: Balzac, 102 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

NOTE—The remarkable H. O. Havemeyer collection may be found in Galleries 20-25 of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting; concerts nightly at 8:30 (Note: Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with soloists and chorus, will be given Tues. and Wed. Eves., July 22 and 23): Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway to W. 137 St. Sta., or Bus No. 5.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts nightly; 8:30 Sat. and Sun.; 8:45 other nights: Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. on Central Park Mall. . . . Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. on N. Y. U. Campus. (Take East Side subway to N. Y. U.-Burnside Ave. Sta., and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

OPEN-AIR OPERA—"Otello:" Starlight Stadium, Bronx River at 177, Thurs. Eve., July 24, at 8:30. (Take Bronx Park subway to E. 177 St. Sta.)

ON THE AIR

GOLDMAN BAND—Sat. Eves., July 19 and 26, and Sun. Eve., July 20, at 8:30, over WJZ. . . . Wed. Eve., July 23, at 8:45, over WNYC.

SCHUMANN PROGRAM—Cesare Sodero directing; Sun. Aft., July 20, at 3, over WEAF.

ELLIOTT SHAW—Baritone soloist, Johann Strauss program, in Atwater Kent Hour: Sun. Eve., July 20, at 9:15, over WEAF.

GEORGE GERSHWIN—Playing his compositions, including the "Rhapsody in Blue," in General Motors Hour: Mon. Eve., July 21, at 9:30, over WEAF.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—White conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., July 21, at 10, over WJZ.

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JULY 18, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 26. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING.]

GAELIC MUSIC—Sung in the Gaelic language by the Inverness Gaelic Choir, broadcast from Aberdeen, Scotland: Tues. Aft., July 22, at 3:15, over WEAF.

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting: Tues. and Thurs. Eves., July 22 and 24, at 8:30, over WOR.

PHILCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Howard Barlow conducting: Wed. Eve., July 23, at 10, over WABC.

VINCENT RICHARDS—Interviewed by Grantland Rice; in Coca-Cola Hour: Wed. Eve., July 23, at 10:30, over WEAF.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds, Sat. and Sun. at 3 P.M.; other days at 3:20 P.M.: Giants vs. St. Louis, Fri. and Sat., July 18 and 19; Giants vs. Chicago, Sun. through Wed., July 20-23; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs. through Sun., July 24-27 (doubleheader July 27; first game at 1:30 P.M.). . . . (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—Mixed card: Ebbets Field, Sullivan St. near Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, Wed. Eve., July 23; first bout at 8:15 P.M. (Take B.M.T.- Brighton Line train to Prospect Pk. Sta.)

GOLF—Metropolitan Open Championship, Fairview Country Club, Elmsford, N.Y., Fri. and Sat., July 18 and 19.

HORSE SHOWS—Fairfield County Hunt Club Show, Westport, Conn.; last two days, Fri. and Sat., July 18 and 19. . . . Stamford Horse Show, Stamford, Conn., Tues. through Sat., July 22-26.

POLO—High-goal play at Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L.I., every Sunday at 4 P.M., weather permitting. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., at 2:09 P.M.). . . . Meadow Brook Tournament, Westbury, L.I., play Sat. at 3 P.M.; Tues. and Thurs., at 5 P.M., weather permitting, through Sat., July 26. . . . Junior Championships, Rumson Country Club, near Red Bank, N.J., start Sat. Aft., July 19.

RACING—Empire City Track, Yonkers and Mt. Vernon: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Grand Central at 1:20 and 1:45 P.M.)

YACHTING—Trial races for America's Cup candidates, off Newport, continue through July. . . . Larchmont Yacht Club Race Week: Sat., July 19 through Sat., July 26.

NOTES—Two of the best swimming pools in town are located in the Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 11 P.M.), and the Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight). The Hotel St. George salt-water pool in Brooklyn (open until midnight) can be reached via West Side-7 Ave. subway to Clark St. Sta. . . . If you want to play tennis you might try: Plaza Tennis Courts, Riverside Dr. at Dyckman; and Notlek Courts, Riverside Dr. at 119.

★ The Fada 44—Sliding Door Lowboy . . $188 *without tubes*

★ The Fada 46 — Highboy . . . . . $228 *without tubes*

★ The Fada 41 — Highboy . . . . . $218 *without tubes*

★ The Fada 47—Radio-Phonograph Combination . . . . $328 *without tubes*

. . . the eyes have it . . . also the ears

★

★ B E A U T Y
★ T R U E T O N E
★ F L A S H O G R A P H
★ A U T O M A T I C V O L U M E C O N T R O L
★ N O I S E F I L T E R
★ S E L E C T I V I T Y
★ S E N S I T I V I T Y
★ P R E - S E L E C T O R T U N I N G
★ T W O - E L E M E N T D E T E C T O R
★ H U M L E S S O P E R A T I O N
★ R E M O T E C O N T R O L S H A F T

★ The Fada 42 — Open Face Lowboy . . . $159 *without tubes*

. . . when focussed on a New Fada

Sportingly, we give warning that the new Fadas will be hard to resist. Their beauty alone will melt the barbed wire around almost any pocketbook. What avail sales-resistance when assaulted by such a Fadarray of comfort accomplishments as hinted at above? With high performance protected and insured, and made effortless by more automatic features than any other radio possesses—an epidemic of succumbing to Fadallure is inevitable. Or so it seems to us, who lovingly, but scientifically wrought them all. Do you dare pit your indifference against a demonstration?

F. A. D. ANDREA, INC., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

Same Prices West of the Rockies, Slightly Higher in Canada and For Export

FADA Radio

The new FADAS available for twenty-five cycle AC and direct current (DC) operation at a slight increase in price.

1920 · SINCE BROADCASTING BEGAN · 1930

50,199 Women Can't Be Wrong

When that many fashionable women, unknown to each other, all hit on a unanimous opinion . . . it must be right . . . The unanimous opinion is the "rightness," the chic, the wearability of Saks-Fifth Avenue's famous Fenton Last . . . 50,199 women have agreed on it.

The Athlone—a Fenton Last pump in white kid with java . . . also in beige or green kid with watersnake . . .

18.50

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CHICAGO

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THERE is a certain type of American whom we regard as peculiarly dangerous. We know him only from reading about him in the situation-wanted advertisements which he inserts in the newspapers, buying special space next to reading matter. His description of himself is doubly dispiriting because it is done consciously. "A young executive," he usually begins, "32 years old, with all the progressive fervor that is usually associated with that age, plus the stability of complete domestic happiness inspired by a wife and son . . ." Such comfortable flaunting of domestic felicity is somehow very objectionable in the public prints, whose columns are otherwise largely occupied with divorce, suicide, and homicide. When a man

advertises himself as happy at home, he is giving himself away and is also playing his wife a dirty trick. Most women, however happy they make their husbands, at least want the world to think them still attractive enough, interesting enough, and temperamental enough, to be keeping their husbands in a constant state of turmoil. As for the relationship between domestic happiness and business success, a lot of firms are on their feet largely because their employees simply couldn't stand it around the house during the daytime.

WE walked directly into the *World* office the other afternoon to borrow a match. Just as we passed a phone booth, the door swung open and we heard a lady reporter's voice: "And how old did you say the squirrel was?" Content that a state of normalcy existed along Park Row, we borrowed our match and got quietly out, after a short

visit with a man who was writing a story about five bullfrogs.

A GREAT many years ago, folks, there were two separate races on Long Island—New Yorkers and natives. The natives were hardy, taciturn, and monastic in their habits. They wore black suits, derby hats, and celluloid collars without any ties. Usually they worked for the "summer people" in one capacity or another—as gardeners, as clam-diggers, as carpenters—but through it all they retained their contempt for transient employers; it was clear that they regarded the annual influx as a necessary though shameful visitation in the land. That, as we remarked, was many years ago. Today, what have we? Improved transit facilities have imposed a pink-stucco civilization on all the countryside within a hundred miles of New York. There are no more natives: all the inhabitants of the Island swarm

back and forth across the Queensboro Bridge at will. This was made clear to us last week when we had occasion to hire the son of one of the old pioneers, to weed the calendulas. When the young man appeared, we noted his costume—knickerbockers, sport shoes, and a magnificently chromolithic sweater. He weeded languidly but adequately. The following Monday, when he was to come again, there came instead a phone call. He couldn't work today, he said. He had been to Long Beach on Sunday with his girl friend. He got sunboint.

OWING possibly to our mousy appearance, our banking life continues to be uniformly miserable. We have bank trouble every week, and have had for years, in spite of our solvency. Once a week, for as far back as we can remember, we have stolen softly into a magnificent bank in Fifth Avenue and presented a small cheque to be cashed. Always the same thing happens: the guard stiffens, his right hand moves toward his hip, and the paying teller, after a look of blank amazement

first at us and then at the cheque, disappears through the rear of the cage to ask some of the boys out back if they have ever seen us before. We can see their eyes peering at us through the bars, and finally, after quite a wait, someone braver than the others casts a favorable vote and the teller returns and gives us our money. The trouble with big banks employing many tellers is that they try for something that they never can achieve—they go on the theory that they can recognize their customers, even greet them cheerily. This may be true of some customers (old ladies who wear black hats cocked across their brow, walk with a crutch, and deposit eighteen thousand dollars on the second Tuesday of the month) but it has never been true with us. We would like to suggest to our bank that it throw a big party every couple of weeks, serve cock-

"Ivy, who was secretary of state in Cleveland's administration?"

• •

tails, and really try to get acquainted with some of its clients—of whom we are gradually getting to be one of the oldest living.

Innocent Fun

A GENTLEMAN (but no pal of ours, understand that) went to a party at a friend's apartment in the Village and, leaving rather late, noted that his host's wife had put out the milk bottles at the door for the milkman to pick up on his nocturnal prowls. She had left a note in one of them, ordering extra cream. At this, all the gentleman's waggishness came to the surface. Quick as a wink, he jotted down a postscript: "Leaving town and want to pay bill. Please ring till answered." And went merrily homeward, to refreshing sleep.

Wobblies

YOU may have been getting scared silly at teas recently by picking up matchboxes that buzz venomously when you touch them, buns that squeak, pencils made of rubber, and similar tricky devices which waggish hosts have left lying around. If you have been caught by them, it may at least cheer you to know that thousands of other innocents have been fooled too. The matchbox is the most popular, and has been since it came out last November; up to now, Ross' magic shop, which imports them, has sold over twenty-five thousand. It's made in Germany, as most such things are. In case you haven't seen one, we can describe it, briefly. It looks like an ordinary box of Swedish matches, but the insides contain, instead of matches, some kind of machinery. It lies quietly enough when not disturbed, but as soon as you lift it, it turns loose a little knocker in the bottom of the box which buzzes, wriggles, and usually ends by sending the victim clean out of his wits. These boxes are known to the trade as "wobblies," and a good many people who ought to know better have been buying them lately, among others Mrs. Pierre du Pont; Hugh Morrow, cousin of the Ambassador; and even Al Smith. Al dropped in the other day at Ross' shop, which is in West Thirty-third Street, right behind his own Empire State Building anyway, and bought a bunch of them to try out on his friends. Even regular stage magicians are intrigued by such gadgets.

All this data is part of a sort of city-wide survey we made recently, covering gadgets in general, in the course of which we visited Max Holden's magic shop at 233 West Forty-second Street. Max Holden deals principally in the more advanced forms of magical equipment, supplying the professional prestidigitators, and mystifying customers in his shop. He says the business of selling gadgets is booming. Travelling salesmen are keen for them, find them fine for getting into inner offices in a joking way. Magicians too: Arthur Lloyd took a bunch of the wobbly matchboxes and scattered them around the National Vaudeville Artists' Club the other day, and pretty near petrified a number of vaudevillians. Dr. Calkins, the surgeon, is another who likes them, but he is quite an amateur magician as well and often sits up nights after a series of operations, doing tricks.

Grackle

ARTISTS can get permits to sit on the grass in Central Park and paint. Mr. R. F. Strong got one and sat down near the wall, but he didn't get much painting done. A large and

noisy grackle flew into a tree nearby, one of its feet got caught in a crotch, and it hung, fluttering, head down. A policeman went off and got a ladder. Another policeman appeared and held the ladder. Another policeman came to watch. A fourth policeman came to watch. A fifth policeman showed up to keep a general eye on things. The first policeman went up the ladder but he couldn't reach the grackle. Several limousines, attracted by the show of force, stopped at the curb and ladies and gentlemen got out. Finally one man produced a piece of string, tied one end to a stone, and threw it over the branch from which the grackle hung. The limb was then pulled down within reach. Great good cheer as the grackle was saved.

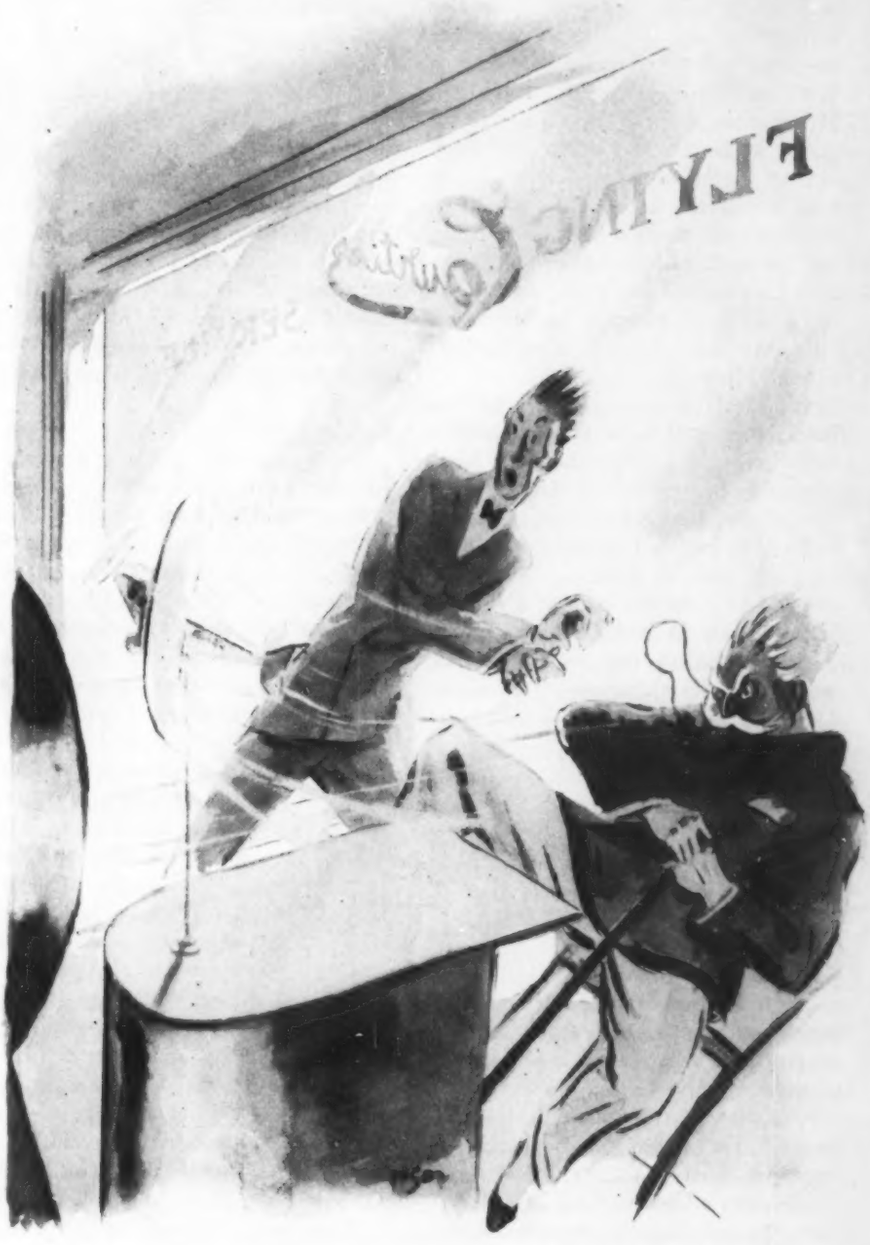
Cousinly Candor

A LADY, booking reservations in the course of a trip through England this summer, wrote down from London to a hotel at one of the watering places, asking for information as to prices, accommodations, and so on. In a few days she had a reply, giving details; it concluded with the rather startling statement: "We regret to confess, however, that there is no life in the hotel." She thought about that quite a while. It seemed so frank, so straightforward, so utterly in keeping with that downrightness which is part of the Briton's charm. Besides, a good long week of rest was just what she felt she needed. She wrote at once, engaging rooms on the top floor. Her letter had hardly been posted before another note arrived, from the hotel, to correct a most unfortunate error. What had been meant, they pointed out, was "lift," not "life."

This lady recalls that in Ayrshire, in Scotland, the bars of the public houses are officially closed on Sunday, but in accordance with an old custom, you can get a drink if you have travelled more than twelve miles in reaching any given bar. The law which provides for that goes back to the days when travellers were travellers—when horsemen arrived, worn and thirsty, after hard riding over moor and fen. The law still applies, even to those who have done their dozen miles by motor. Similar old statutes are enforced in Dorset and other parts of England, our informant says. She relates an experience which befell a man in a woodsy region where he put up at an inn in a village and set out for a Sunday walk. He got lost and wandered for hours. Finally, after trudging fifteen miles or so he came upon a village and sought out a public house. He staggered to the bar and when he claimed his pint of ale was asked the extent of his journey. "How far do I *have* to have come?" he asked, warily. "More than three miles," said the barmaid. "That's easy," said the traveller, "I've come at least fifteen." He then airily explained that he had started from the hamlet in which he was stopping, and had got lost. To authenticate his story he gave the name of the village he had come from and the name of his inn. "Ah, sir," said the barmaid, sadly, "that is *this* village, and your inn is just around the corner."

Models

BOUCHER's, the yacht-model place in Madison Avenue, has its models made down in Lafayette Street. They have just completed two models of the old Corsair there, and are waiting for Mr. J. P. Morgan to pick them up. One shows the Corsair as she was during the war, fitted out as a cruiser; the other as she was after the war, looking just like an ordinary private yacht except for the two chevrons on her funnel. These mean she sank two



"God, Major! Keep your tail up!"

submarines. Mr. Morgan sold the Corsair to the government for one dollar. He is going to give the models to the New York Yacht Club. They cost three thousand dollars each, are five feet long, took three months to make, and go into great detail, showing things like a depth-bomb-releasing device on the Corsair during its cruiser phase. Everything you can think of, in fact, is faithfully reproduced, except J. P. Morgan.

Mr. Boucher showed us something else his men are working on—the model of a ten-thousand-ton Treaty cruiser. The Navy Department ordered it a year ago, but they had to wait until the recent treaty was concluded before Boucher's could go on with it. It will cost more than the two Corsair models put together. They are also making a model of the new Leviathan—to be called "Leviathan II," for the United States Lines. It's going to be twenty-seven feet long, almost big enough for Columbus to take across the ocean. In the same room we saw them scraping and painting the models of several of the America's Cup defenders. Yacht models are often made before the yachts themselves, to show features hard to indicate on blueprints.

Boucher's doesn't confine itself to boats; they will make you a model of anything. Their biggest recent job is a model of the Hudson River Bridge twenty feet long. The Port Authority ordered it, largely to study the problem of traffic and its diversion. It shows not only the bridge but the river and large chunks of New York and New Jersey, including trees, roads, houses, and most everything else. Trees are made of attractive pieces of green sponge. The New Jersey side is largely green sponge but the New York side is mostly buildings, including the Medical Center. The Hudson is a ripply sheet of glass upon which the steamer Hendrick Hudson is seen, to show the proportion. The most ambitious model Boucher's ever made was one of the entire Bronx. It showed every street and building in the Bronx, except those put up while it was being made. The Bronx Chamber of Commerce ordered it.

Boucher's likes making models better than working on perpetual-motion machines and such that inventors are always bringing in plans for. One of the invention models they're doing now is an attachment to put on your legs while swimming, so as to swim faster. They're afraid, though, that the contraption will weigh down an ordinary man.

The Familiar Face

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, says a returned scenario-writer, takes the high position he holds in movie society very seriously, but is troubled by his bad memory for faces. Sometimes he snubs people he shouldn't. This failing distresses him and not long ago he decided to take special pains to be cordial to everyone. So it came about that when he caught a dignified gentleman nodding to him on the lot one day, he not only returned the greeting but stopped, chatted with the gentleman, and eventually spent some time showing him about the place. Fairbanks strove all the while to place him, but couldn't—all he knew was that he had seen the courtly fellow somewhere in the very best of movie society. And, indeed, it came out that he actually had, for afterward he asked his secretary, "Who was that man?" The secretary was a bit acrid. "It was the butler," he said, "that you discharged last week."

Annoyance

IT might be a good idea to discontinue the Department of Plant and Structures, on the ground that it can't explain its own name. Why is the name written "Plant and Structures" —"Plant" singular, "Structures" plural? We despatched one of our aides to ask the Department that, outright. At first the spokesman said that "Plant" was singular because they might put up only one plant in a year. He hastily added that, as far as that went, they might not put up *any*.

"Well, what about structures?" our agent went on. " 'Structures' is plural; does that mean you have to put up more than one structure?"

"No," said the man, "it could be only one structure. Or it might not be any."

Then he tried to explain that "Plant" was the plural form of the noun, when applied to buildings. If the name were "Plants," people would think of the Department as connected with flowers and shrubs. He then admitted that the Department itself is not really satisfied with the name, because the name doesn't cover all the Department's activities. It runs ferries, and a ferryboat is neither a plant nor a structure. He said a better name would be "Department of Operations."

"Have we ever told you about ours?" cried our man, bored with the turn the conversation had taken.

Gossip

IN Providence the people naturally keep track of each other better than they do in larger places. A householder there is a man we will call Mr. Snow, who is more or less generally considered a Bohemian and pretty daring because he sometimes gives parties for visiting theatrical companies. One day Mr. Snow was standing in the yard before his house, concealed, by chance, from the sidewalk by a large tree. Two women came along, chatting intently, and he heard one of them say "Well, Charlie Snow gave a big party last night for that opera troupe that's in town —and I hear his wife is away!" Mr. Snow stepped suddenly from behind the tree and said "Boo!" The results were disastrous. One lady fainted dead away, the other had to hang onto the fence for support, and he had to rush for restoratives for both.

El Jazzo

AS our bright-eyed readers must have noticed, phonograph records almost always have the title printed on them in both English and Spanish. This, if you've wondered, is because our jazz and crooning finds a far better market in Latin-American countries than in complacent nations like France, England, Norway, Belgium, etc. Such a hot market is worth catering to, and the recording companies cater to it. Every now and then, for one thing, a big orchestra, like Whiteman's, will repeat a recording and insert a chorus in Spanish. Such records sell like hot cakes in South America, Mexico, Cuba.

What we really brought this up for, however, was to tell about some of the perfectly lovely translations that appear on the records. These translations are made, as a rule, by native Spaniards: Victor employs seven in its export department at Camden; they confer about possible ways of expressing our hot, sweet, ha-cha-cha, and vo-deo-do titles in Spanish, and often get some enchanting results. Frequently, of course, it's

"His father wants him to be a lawyer, but I want him to go into a bank. It's always so nice and cool in a bank."

• •

a mighty task. Take "You're the Cream in My Coffee." Now any Spaniard with enough English to beg a dime for breakfast could translate that literally, but the literal translation would be coldly received in Argentina, Ecuador, and other such places, for the simple reason that they drink their coffee black down there—cream would spoil it. A lady who was the cream in an Ecuadorian's coffee would be, in effect, the fly in his ointment, and the point and purpose of the great American song would be lost. For this reason, the Victor Spaniards made it "Eres la Niña de Mis Ojos"—meaning "You're the Pupil of My Eyes." The same company (Victor started the Spanish-title business, and the others followed) wisely changed "Last Night on the Back Porch" to "Anoche in el Taxi" ("Last Night in a Taxi") because houses in South America don't have back porches.

The peculiar flair of our titles, you will see, is sometimes destroyed, or at least badly scarred. Brunswick, Columbia, and Victor were all three unable to do justice to "Ain't Misbehavin'." They made it, respectively, "That's Not Bad," "Good Behavior," and "Not So Bad." Not so good, either. Every once in a while, too, the translators themselves seem to miss the whole point, as witness the way the Victor Spaniards blighted the life of "The Quality Shout," a typical Duke Ellington whooper with much ha-cha-cha and brass. Quality shouting, the translators evidently decided—without listening to the record—must mean shouting which has a certain refinement, so they evolved "En Voz Baja," which means "In a Low Voice." "Because My Baby Don't Mean Maybe Now" was also apparently misunderstood altogether—which we don't wonder at. It was done into the Spanish for "Because She Does *Not* Love Me Any More" (the italics are ours—if baby don't mean maybe any longer, she *does* love daddy—see?).

"Thou Swell" was, of course, a poser. It came out "How Elegant You Look." "I'm a Ding-Dong Daddy" must have given the translators a bad half-day; the best they could do with it was "Soy un Listo" which means "I'm a Smart One." One of our greatest favorites, however, is the Brunswick rendering into Spanish of "Blue, Turning Gray Over You." It is titled "Estoy Triste, y Me Estan Saliendo las Canas Pensando en Ti," meaning "I Am Sad and Getting Gray Hairs Thinking of You." Correct, but awful weighty.

Esprit

A LADY arrived at her apartment house late the other night, in time to see the doorman and the elevator-man persuading an imposing gentleman with iron-gray hair, an uncertain gait, and a desire to make a speech, into a cab. Finally they got him aboard and bade him good night and the cab went away. The lady, who had had to wait a long time for the elevator-man, asked him if there was anything seriously wrong with the gentleman. The elevator-man said it wasn't very serious, that he merely had been just a little over-sprightly one moment and the next had expressed a desire to lie down in the garden court and spend the night there. "We had to work with him quite a while," he said. "It certainly was lucky," said the lady, "that he found someone to look after him." The elevator-man drew himself erect. "Madam," he said, "this is Park Avenue." —THE NEW YORKER

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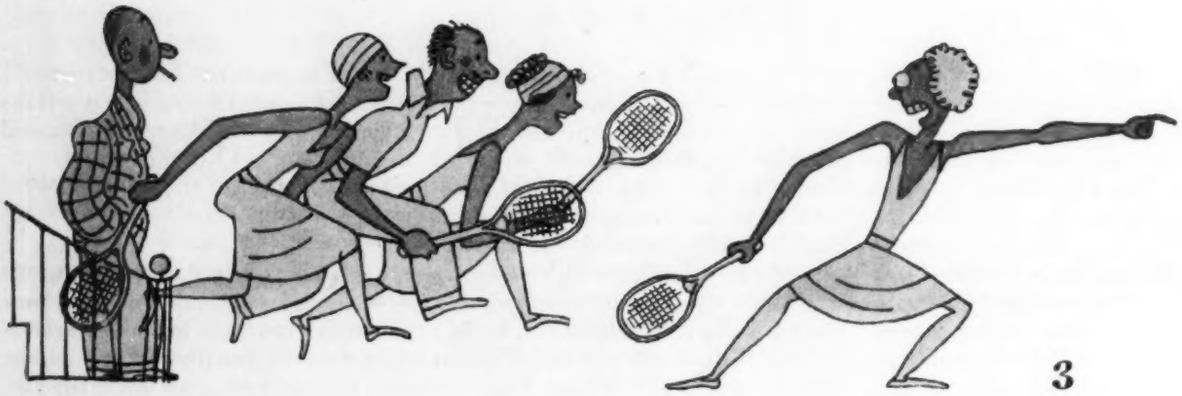

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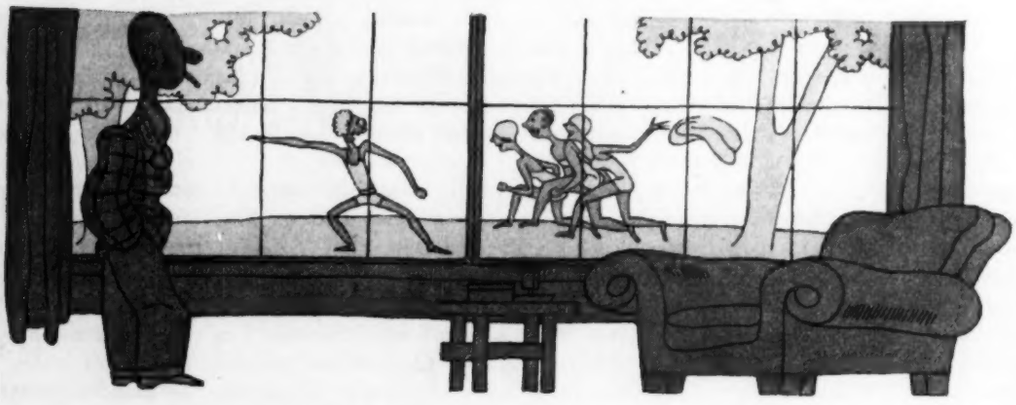

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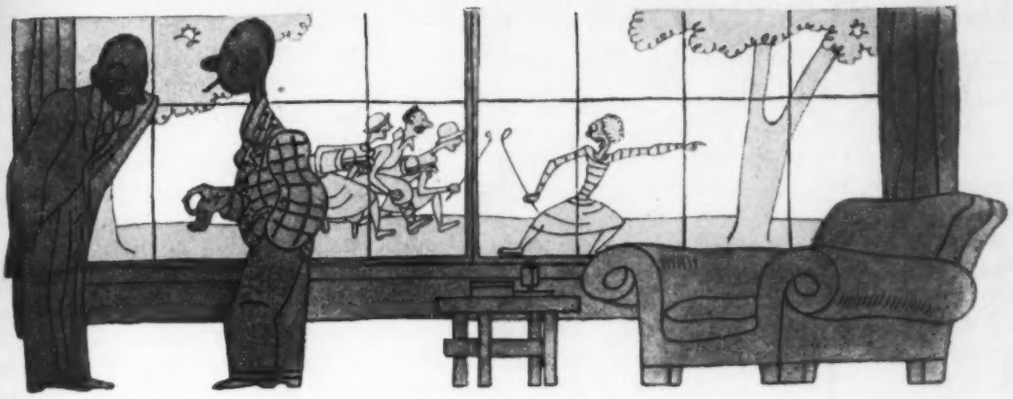
A HEALTHFUL WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY



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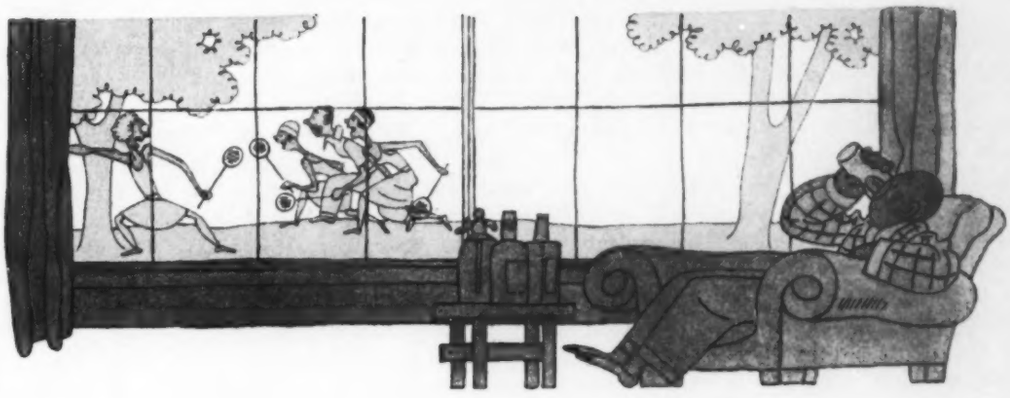

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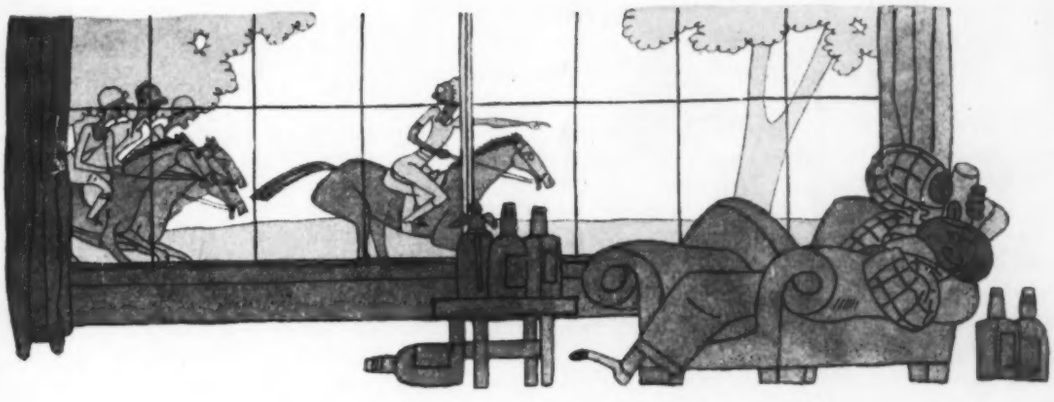

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RALPH BARTON 8

THE FUTURE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS

[MORE OR LESS IN THE MANNER OF THE SCIENCE ITSELF]

ANY consideration of the future of Psychoanalysis must take into account, first of all, the great bewilderment which exists in the vocabulary and terminology of the science. This bewilderment can be indicated by a couple of quotations from recent books on the subject: (1) "Though he [Freud] speaks of 'aim' as synonymous with 'way' he certainly seems to imply that it may also be interpreted in the sense of 'goal.'" (2) "For him [Holt] the 'wish' is 'function.'" Now if such simple and disparate words as these are already being used to mean the same thing, the confusion which is bound to turn up in the future can readily be foreseen. Let us consider the hypothetical case of an analyst, Dr. A——, who uses "wish" in the sense of "function." A typical American male—worried, twitchy, and expecting to have a nervous breakdown at any minute—calls on Dr. A——.

"Good morning, Dr. A——," he says.

"Good morning," says Dr. A——.

"Doctor," says the patient, "I can no longer add up a column of figures and get the same answer twice."

"Why is that?" asks the doctor.

"I'm asking *you*," says the patient, with some asperity.

"Well, well," says the doctor. "How long has this been going on?"

"For about seven years," says the patient.

"Apparently," says the doctor, "your mind is not wishing right; I function you had come to me sooner." Now the patient, being unable to grasp the meaning of what he instantly recognizes as very simple words, will imagine that the fault is his own and not the doctor's (a common mistake in psychoanalysis), and that he is probably losing his mind. The analyst, sensing this fear, strives to reassure the patient, unfortunately, however, using "way," "aim," and "goal" synonymously. "I goal to send you on your aim a well man," says the doctor, heartily. "That, anyaim, is the way I am goaling at." The rapid mental decline of the patient from here on must be inevitable.

There are many other problems that Psychoanalysis must also face very soon. First of all, there is the tricky question of what is going to be "normal" in a world of constantly shifting values. It is hard enough to determine what is "normal" now. Many psychoanalysts disagree already, not only on what is normal but on the definition of the word, and those that do agree describe what they mean in such involved terminology that their definitions usually make the same sense when read backward as they do when read frontward. This ambivalent, or "two-way," reading is, in itself, a grave danger for the future. A volume which can be read as easily from back to front as from front to back must, by its very nature, lack a demonstrable beginning and end. If, then, the end can be taken as the start, it gives us two new words which are synonymous —"end" and "start." The application of the theory that these words mean the same thing is likely to cause the sloughing off, in the future, of such a wide variety of things as the hundred-yard dash, the mile run, the game of parchesi, and everything else which nowadays owes its existence to a sharp discrimination, in both theory and practice, between beginning and ending, starting and stopping. The breaking-down of this discrimination would produce a general inertia which must rapidly lead to lethargy and, finally, to coma. Everything which is played, or run, over a course measurable in terms of "length" or "time," as we now understand "length" and "time," would cease to be, or at least to "move." For no impulse could exist strong enough to start off sentient things (such as athletes, horses, etc.) once those things became convinced that the finish was going to be identical with the start. Any expenditure of energy, such as is necessarily involved in running, leaping, jumping, vaulting, pushing, etc.—that is to say, in the progressive, or forward-moving impulses — would be detected as futile. Even a horse would come finally to see that. He would grow tired of always finishing in a tie with some other horse—with, indeed, all the other horses. The element of competition, which is one of the greatest stimulants to physical activity, would die out. Nobody would ever try to be better than anybody else at anything. People would just sit around. Newspapers would no longer try to "scoop" each other on important events; wars, so highly competitive, would come to an end and the world would lose their exhilarating force; girls would not try to dress more attractively than other girls and might, in the end, not dress at all. The spectacle of all the girls in the world sitting around with nothing on might possibly start competition all over again, but I doubt it. Competition goes along now solely because of a Momentum gained from the Impulse which created the world: namely, Sun-Power. Once competition came to a dead stop, no new impulse, outside of man's own, would be conceivable, and man's own impulse prompts him, if unimpelled by an outside impetus, to sit around and do nothing, rather than to mingle with undressed ladies, particularly a large number of undressed ladies.

THIS digression has admittedly taken us pretty far from the concept of a new normalcy. The whole question of "norm" is an involved one. Perhaps we should begin by defining what we mean by "normal." The condition, or state, which we recognize as normal is that condition, or state, from which any divergence is extremely noticeable. For example: if, while everybody else in a theatre was applauding, one lone gentleman, sitting in a box, should arise and plunge headlong onto the stage, by way of showing his pleasure, that would be abnormal, as we now understand it. (It is interesting to note here that if, when the man jumped, he were wrapped up in paper and twine, the *intensity*, but not the *extent*, of the divergence from the normal would be increased.) The man's action would not, however—and this is important—be abnormal, if it were the custom for *everyone* to plunge headlong onto the stage when he was pleased. Of course, for such behavior to be practicable, the drama, as we now know it, would have to be radically changed—but that is beside the point. I simply wish to make it clear that normalcy is dependent upon the customary, the uniform, and the familiar. It is not dependent upon any inherent quality of right and wrong—and it is here that Psychoanalysis has got into trouble, and is going to get into more, as the years go on. Let me

illustrate what I mean, by considering the changes that are taking place in one very important norm.

Statistics show, from time to time, an abrupt downward trend in women's interest in the male, as such. One Viennese analyst has recently announced that ninety per cent of the women of civilized countries can now take men or let them alone. If this is true, we must begin pretty soon to accustom ourselves to accepting the female's lack of amorous interest in the male as normal. Indeed, we ought to begin right away—I might even go so far as to say that we should have begun some time since.

Now it is easy to see what this particular shift in values is going to mean to the future of Psychoanalysis. It is, for one thing, going to challenge the authority of Psychoanalysis to use the word "science" in connection with the study of the human mind and emotions. Science can be interested only in determining normalcies, not in setting up standards or codes for them. And yet the psychoanalysts, after determining that ninety per cent of the women of civilized countries are lacking in amorous interest, insist that this normal condition—for ninety per cent certainly establishes a norm—is not "right" or "good." Thus Psychoanalysis departs from its proper scientific province of determining facts, and sets up an arbitrary and conventional code of behavior. Psychoanalysis says, in effect, "this condition of women is normal, but it is an abnormal sort of normal." Now just why the dying-out of the emotional concept in women should be considered "bad" I do not find easy to comprehend. It will certainly make for a calmer way of life, a more comfortable day-to-day routine. When the hundred-per-cent point is reached, and there is no woman left in any civilized country who will bother about men, the male will automatically turn his attention entirely to work and games. He will get things done and have a lot of fun. Phone calls will decrease, and there will be a sharp decline in bickering, quarrelling, protesting, berating, declaiming, weeping, posturing, worrying, boasting, lying, sneaking around, maintaining from two to three apartments, pretending, contriving, keeping a straight face, denying, etc. Think of the time that will save, and of the anguish, despair, and moodiness it will put an end to—always providing, of course, that Psychoanalysis, just now more plaintive than scientific, leaves off its sentimental longing for the "good old norms"—a longing which I can only describe as pretty schizophreniacal—and allows men and women to develop toward their inevitable, and tranquil, destiny.

—JAMES THURBER

"Which one of us do you think he wants?"

•

When Mary Dahlberg wants to write a chapter about Alaska she goes to the Arabian desert, and when she writes a chapter about Alaska or Canada she goes to the tropics to do it. Nothing like it to give an author a detached view point, she says.—*New York newspaper.*

The main thing is to keep busy.

MATINAL

THE darkness. The more than tropic temperature. Your unprecedented tendency to toss sleepless on sheets that feel as though they had just been run through a well-heated mangle. The taxi horns which give way at last to the clopping of languid horses. The dawn, pale and strangely cool-looking. The ironic thought that if there were any birds that had the strength they'd probably be twittering. The conviction that since sleep is impossible you might as well get up and go for a walk.

The hurried dressing. The appalling glance in the mirror. The night elevator-operator who, having got all his tenants to bed, evidently feels that they might have the decency to stay there. The street, delightfully cool and empty. The absurd but exhilarating sense of adventure. The milkman who stops to gaze at you in vague astonishment. The three representatives of the city health department who drop their garbage cans to watch you with speculative interest. The man in the blue shirt, returning from a night of digging. The very fractious and dishevelled gentleman grimly airing an exuberant police puppy. The lone, belated taxi-driver who stops with a knowing air to offer his services. The interesting discovery that a lady who appears in the streets before six in the morning is regarded as decidedly questionable. The feeling that it would be very restful to go and sit in a neighboring square.

The extraordinarily fresh green of the grass and trees. The romantic, deserted garden atmosphere owing to the absence of about five thousand assorted children, parents, nursemaids, dogs, and perambulators. The discovery that the square is, however, pretty well filled with dilapidated-looking citizens who have just waked up and are glancing through last night's papers. The dark looks suggesting that your presence is not only unwelcome but a trifle indelicate. Your embarrassment as you slip modestly away.

The dark, narrow streets, now completely deserted. The old sightseeing urge and the determination to inspect them. The windows full of delightful cheeses. The windows full of very pink lingerie. The windows full of ornate pipes, explosive-looking Italian novels, non-alcoholic liqueurs, and greeting cards with embossed pink roses. The rather terrifying display of hand-tinted enlargements that must have been made from the most ghastly photographs. The ashcans. The trash barrels. The astonishing number of people who, when they go to bed, hang their clothes trustingly on the window-sill. The very morose dog doing a little scavenging. The curious sensation of being in a trance but possessed of inexhaustible energy. The highly emotional state causing you to feel personally responsible for an anxious mother cat in need of care and nourishment. Your sense of guilt as you walk on without offering her milk and a bed in your apartment. The helpful policeman who seems to think that your reasons for being out at this time of day must be either distressing or pretty queer.

THE first sunshine, very clear and brilliant. The lighting effects arousing in you the not-too-original wish that you were good at etching. Your arrival at one of the streets that constitute Chinatown. The Oriental flavor, too faint to be really impressive. The embroidered slippers. The carved soapstone. The drugstore complete with dried herbs and mummies. The jasmine tea. The preserved ginger. The pale yellow birds'-nests needing only three chocolate eggs and a cotton rabbit to make them the perfect Easter gift. The solitary Chinaman who solemnly lays a bundle of papers on top of an ashcan and disappears with an air of calm inscrutability. The extraordinary number of Italian women in black shawls who seem to be hurrying somewhere. The sunny square. The clanging bell. The brick church with its doors wide open. The slightly irrational impulse to go inside.

The scattered congregation. The sacristan very busy with candles. The richly dressed saints protected by glass cases and giving the effect of gazing with calm benevolence from small bay windows. The knife-grinder jingling his bell outside the doorway. The realization that if you stay much longer you'll fall into a drugged slumber. The somnambulistic walk toward the "L." The dim consciousness that the thermometer has already started its daily record-breaking. The women with market baskets. The women with laundry. The old man with a bundle of green branches suitable for trimming pushcarts. The peddler who offers to sell you a very handsome plaster statue. The taxi, because in your present state you'd probably get run over. Your room, still hot and very sunny. Your almost instantaneous plunge into a profound and dreamless sleep.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

"Petunias would look nice."

•

In round numbers there are 100 tornadoes in the United States every year; 250 people kidded by them, and $8,000,000 damage done to property.—*From a Texas newspaper.*

They never fooled us.

"Well, I suppose I have an Oriental attitude toward women—"

• •

OF ALL THINGS

Junior Lindbergh, it seems to us, looked pretty snooty in his first published photographs. He should be made to understand that he has a duty to his public.

•

The dissensions in the G.O.P. ranks at Washington are painful to one and all. These are the days when a sound Republican paper comes out with a vigorous editorial on saving the mountain laurel.

•

The news is going around that Queen Mary is a regular smoker. Here is the place for some cigarette company to show some expert endorsemanship.

•

Our Police Department has issued a booklet taking up left-hand turns in a big way. The situation is now so clear that even Einstein could understand it.

•

A committee of the House of Representatives has come to New York to investigate Communist activities. Our hospitable city always welcomes anybody who has twenty-five thousand dollars of other people's money to spend.

•

The overproduction of silver, economists say, is one cause of the current distress. It seems that the world is producing more silver than Bobby Jones can consume.

•

Governor Young of California has achieved a unique distinction. He is the only person in the world who still believes that Tom Mooney is guilty.

•

The League of Nations plans to run a radio station at Geneva. We wonder whether they could use a gross of nice crooners.

•

The State Department has discontinued the use of formal subscriptions like "Your obedient servant." This sounds like a victory for Hiram Johnson.

•

The President says that the navy officials of all three countries are opposed to the limitation of armaments. Generals die in bed but admirals die in conferences.

•

The honoring and decorating of Byrd goes on and on. People ought to let him go to the dentist's and get caught up with his back magazine-reading. —Howard Brubaker

• •

REPTILE HOUSE

Sliding slow scales
Along the cage's side,
Behind their dusty glass
King cobras crawl.
In living loops
They glide
And flow along the wall
Indifferent-eyed,
Then suddenly
Lift mottled hoods to stare
With lidless gaze,
Listless no longer now,
And gloating sway
As if to weave in air
Charms for poor Eve
Beneath her apple bough.

—Jean Batchelor

ANSWERS-TO-HARD-QUESTIONS DEPARTMENT

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER,
SIRS:

RECENTLY we have received a number of requests from our readers concerning the exact editorial requirements of THE NEW YORKER. May we have an article from you concerning this and any other information for writers which you may care to include?

Yours sincerely,
THE WRITER'S DIGEST
A Journal for Ambitious Literary Folk

GENTLEMEN:

I HAVE taken your request up with the rest of the staff, but I can't see how the answers I got are going to help you at all. There seemed, as a matter of fact, a disposition to confuse the "exact editorial requirements," for which you asked, with the purely personal requirements of the individual editors to whom I spoke. I don't think, for example, that it would be of much assistance to your subscribers to know that one editor of THE NEW YORKER only asked to be allowed to go quietly mad in a hollow tree. Nor that another would be completely happy if people would stop leaning against his door and whistling dead marches. The answers were all like that—the vital, immediate requirements of a group of men and women who have been banged, whistled, rivetted, and generally chevied about for more than five years—not much help to ambitious literary folk one way or another.

With only these answers to go on, at best my message to your subscribers will have to be more or less negative. I myself have only the vaguest idea as to what sort of manuscripts THE NEW YORKER wants. I have, however, a pretty clear idea what it *doesn't* want, and I take great pleasure in passing this information, in tabulated form, along to you for what it is worth.

1. Unlike many of its contemporaries, THE NEW YORKER does not use epigrams. Such items, for example, as "The truly unhappy man is he whose bigness is too little for big people and whose littleness is too big for little people" are no good. It's no good sending them in. The editors just give them to the officeboy, an ex-spy, who chews them into pulp and swallows them.

2. Jokes, Pointed Paragraphs, Quips from the Shoulder, etc. See Epigrams.

3. There is a certain detachment here about fables, parables, and philosophic conversations among the illustrious dead. An editor, opening a manuscript and encountering the phrase "The scene is in Heaven," or observing that it is concerned with characters called "Mr. Wiseman" or "Miss 1930," *always* puts on his hat and goes out to lunch. In this connection I might also observe that, for THE NEW YORKER's purpose, funny names do not make funny stories, and the above procedure is also followed in the case of manuscripts dealing with people called Joe Boopus or Miss Glitch. All these manuscripts, incidentally, are collected at the end of each day and placed in a sort of hopper which tears them up, bales them, and puts them out on the sidewalk in one insanely complicated operation.

4. Some of the editors still read parodies of "Alice in Wonderland," "The Night Before Christmas," "Samuel Pepys' Diary," etc.; others don't. With the thing on this rather hit-or-miss basis I don't know just how to advise your readers on this point.

5. While THE NEW YORKER is anxious to keep abreast of recent developments in science and invention, I cannot conscientiously advise your readers to submit contributions on technical subjects. In writing this paragraph I am inevitably reminded of an author who came into the office about three years ago with an article on the Construction of Thermostats. This piece, in twelve parts, aroused the interest, or perhaps the native obstinacy, of one of the editors, who suggested that it be revised with a view to making some of the more involved parts comprehensible to the layman. The new version unfortunately fell into the hands of another editor, a lady, who shared her colleague's interest but felt herself baffled by certain words and phrases—such as "thermostat"—still remaining in the manu-

"If I'm only standin' on my rights
I'm doin' sumpn fer my country, ain't I?"

script. She asked for a second revision. The thing went on in this manner, until, at the time of the author's death a month ago, thirty-four versions had been submitted without, however, achieving a form satisfactory to *all* the members of the staff. At the present time I understand that a surviving son is prepared to carry on the work. The difficulty in this case, of course, lay in the editors' congenital inability to cope with machinery, a quality which has not diminished with the years.

6. Sex. See Machinery.

7. THE NEW YORKER does not favor what is known as the "surprise" ending. Final paragraphs in which a character, previously unidentified, suddenly turns out to be a water spaniel, or a child, or President Hoover, do not surprise the editors. They are tired and saddened when they think of the number of trees that must be cut down to make paper for this sort of thing, but not surprised.

WHILE the above summary does not pretend to be exhaustive, I feel that it ought to give your readers at least a general idea of the sort of material that is *not* suitable for THE NEW YORKER. What *is* suitable, as I said before, is another and far more intricate matter. My own feeling is that, even if I knew, I would be doing your readers a poor service by telling them. Life would be a pretty dull business without a certain amount of struggle. At least it seems that way to me.

Sincerely yours,
MR. WINTERBOTTOM
for THE NEW YORKER

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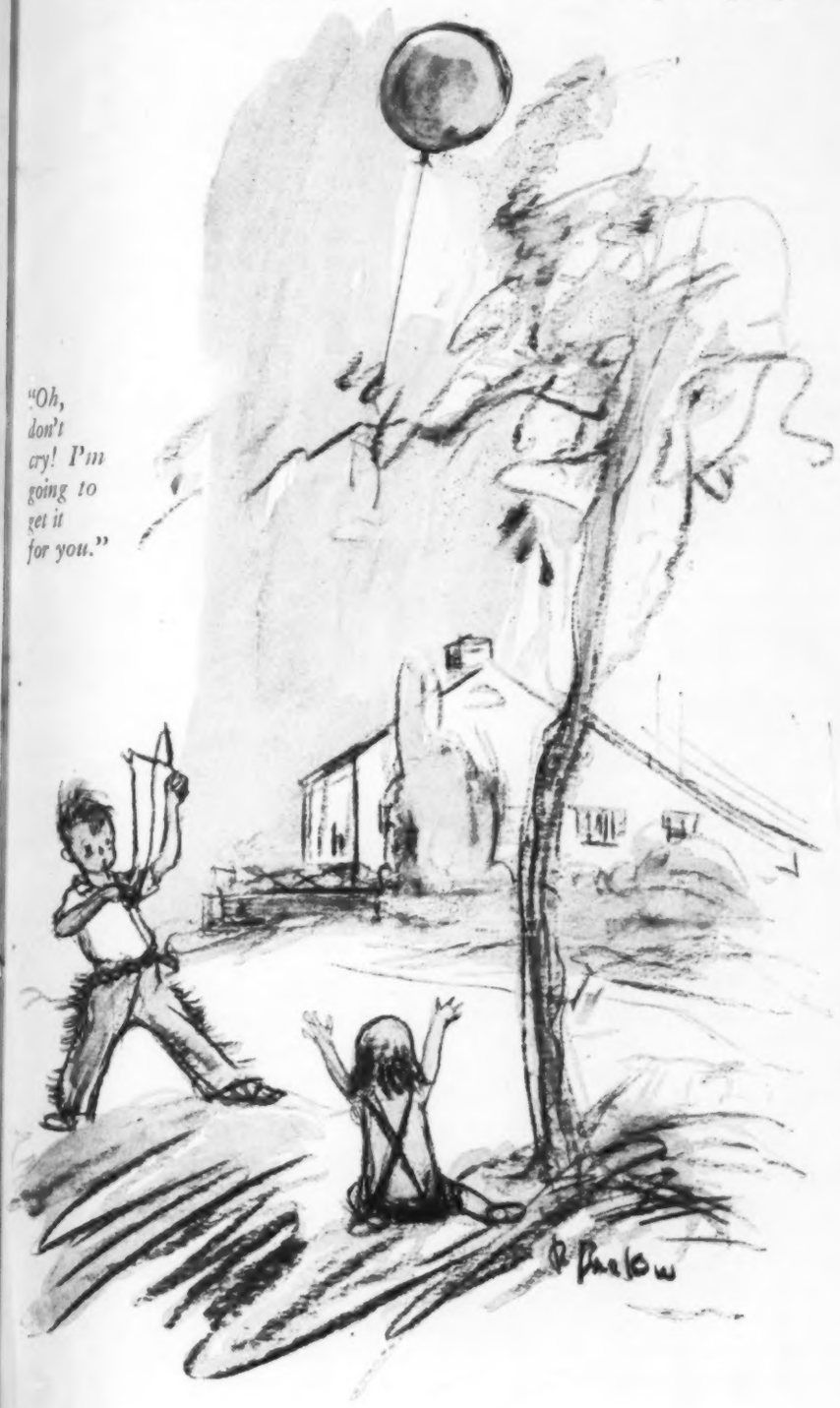

"Oh, don't cry! I'm going to get it for you."

LINES TO BE MUMBLED AT OVINGTON'S

Mr. and Mrs. F. X. Pleasants
Request the honor of my presence
On Saturday the twenty-fourth
To watch their daughter, Barbara North,
Succumb in holy matrimony
To Mr. Maximilian Coney.
A murrain on you, Mr. and Mrs. Pleasants!
I hope you turn into friends of Annie Besant's!

Bishop Apse will do the trick;
He's just the kind that mothers pick.
He has a noble velvet voice
That makes a mother's heart rejoice
And fills a mother's handkerchief
With briny evidence of grief.
A murrain on you too, old Bishop Apse!
I hope you get caught in some vicious moral lapse!

The ushers in their coats of black
Will lead old ladies forth and back,
While bridesmaids in their flowery frocks
Bloom round the bride like hollyhocks.
Who knows but what some sidelong glance
Will propagate a new romance?
A murrain on every bridesmaid and every usher!
I hope they all get spattered with oil from a gusher!

I'll wish some wishes for Mr. Coney
In honor of his matrimony.
I wish him moths, I wish him mice,
I wish him cocktails lacking ice.
I wish him a life abrupt and lonely,
I wish him a wife in title only.
A murrain, a murrain upon you, Maximilian!
If I wish you one death before evening I wish you a billion!

What have I left for Barbara North
Who changes her name on the twenty-fourth?
A hundred theatre-ticket stubs,
Receipted bills from supper clubs,
An angry florist's dunning note,
A streak of powder on my coat—
A lesser soul of spite would be a harborer;
Not I. No murrain at all upon you, Barbara!

—OGDEN NASH

Frank Lloyd Wright

PROFILES

THE PRODIGAL FATHER

IN Europe and the Far East, there has been for some time past a disposition to refer to Frank Lloyd Wright as the Father of Modern Architecture, and of late this salutation has been caught up and echoed in this, his native land. In my waggish way, I might observe in passing that this would lend credence to a dark suspicion that modern architecture was born out of wedlock. But it is rather the business of this brief monograph to record the news that Father himself has recently been manifesting a renewal of interest in this child deposited on his doorstep, and has even been giving evidence of a disposition to go back to work and look after it.

Today there is less, it seems to me, of the old disparity between the high honor in which Wright has long been held abroad and the position which he was permitted—or let us say encouraged—to occupy here at home. But consider, please, the irony of that disparity in its heyday a few years ago. Here was a native American being hailed overseas as the outstanding creative genius of our time in architecture—an artist whose drawings were pored over and studied by every student in Europe, a pioneer who had profoundly influenced all recent building in Germany and about whom the French and the Dutch were publishing reverent volumes, a man of achievement who had been all but canonized in Japan, whence every year the Mikado still sends several small, dusky disciples to sit at the feet of this Wisconsin Gamaliel. The travel bureaus that guide European sightseers from Niagara Falls to the Mammoth Cave (just as they push Americans around Europe from Salisbury Cathedral to the Grand Canal) learned before long that they could satisfy some of their clients here only by organizing tours to the home and works of Frank Lloyd Wright. Yet if such enthusiasts, on getting off the boat, turned to the mere man in the street and said, "Where is Frank Lloyd Wright?" the answer was either a stare of blank amazement or, as like as not, a feeling that what the funny foreigner really wanted was to be conducted to the far more celebrated Harold Bell Wright. And when, shortly after the war, the French applied to us to contribute an exhibit to the Exposition of Decorative Arts then being organized in Paris, the regretful reply framed by our Mr. Hoover as Secretary of Commerce was explicable only on the assumption that he had never even heard of Frank Lloyd Wright.

As I have said, there have been recent signs of America catching up with Wright. Princeton and Cornell have been summoning the alarming creature from Wisconsin to lecture to their young, and in May the Architectural League here in New York not only gave a breath-taking exhibition of his work, but followed it with an exuberant dinner in his honor. As he listened to the speeches, Wright, who has always rather enjoyed regarding himself as a bit of an Ishmaelite, must have experienced some of the disquieting emotions which recently perturbed the bosom of another stormy petrel of our time. I refer to one Bernard Shaw, to whom the British government, which he had so often rendered uneasy, proffered humbly and vainly not long ago a seat in the House of Lords. I am sure that both Shaw and Wright had an uncomfortable feeling that they were being honored as if they were already dead.

But if it is true that, at the time Mr. Hoover made his celebrated reply back in 1925, he had not so much as heard of Frank Lloyd Wright, I think it would not be difficult to explain the lapse. For there was a stretch of more than ten years when Wright did little or no work in this part of the world. The Midway Gardens in Chicago, the Larkin Building in Buffalo, the challenging Unity Temple in Oak Park, his own incomparable Taliesin, and a hundred lovely prairie homes in the Middle West—Mr. Hoover should have known about these earlier Wright buildings, some of them now world-famous. But of recent work he may well have heard nothing, and it is my business here to suggest why.

FOUR years out of that stretch, to be sure, were magnificently fertile. The work, however, was done not here but in Japan. Most of the remaining time was taken up by sleazy scandals and the ignominious procedure which our ugly divorce laws enforce, taken up by witless and vindictive indictments and all the ugly hoodlumism which the yellow newspapers can invoke when once an outstanding and inevitably spectacular man gives them half a chance. Wright gave them a chance and a half. The reporter pack, in full cry, followed his every naïve move, creating an atmosphere in which no artist could work well, and no architect could work at all. When a Samson Agonistes has made sport for the Philistines, he can, if he be a sculptor, say, or a poet, or a painter, retreat to the wilderness and fulfill his destiny. Your architect, on the contrary, must work in and with a community. He must deal with boards of directors, with vestrymen, with trustees, with bankers. He must deflect great forces of capital and labor, and, as Wright himself has been known to say, there is nothing so timid as a million dollars. The great corporation executive, who could conceivably know by instinct that Wright would work such a miracle in glass and stone as the world had only dreamed of, might nevertheless take fright at the thought of dealing with him. Didn't

he look too much like an actor? Didn't he go about in knee-breeches? And what were all those old tabloid tales of "love pacts" and "love nests"? And weren't there an unusual number of murders committed in his house one night? Perhaps, after all, it would be better to deal with an architect who, while no artist at all, had at least never been talked about in the newspapers.

Of course those calamitous chapters, now happily receding into a misty past, bulk large in Wright's envelope of clippings in any newspaper morgue. I would like to dismiss them here in a contemptuous sentence as none of my business or yours, but they did so paralyze him that a sequence of his best years was laid waste and the world was irrevocably cheated of some beauty it could not spare. In this connection, I would like merely to add the sententious suggestion that when a DeWolf Hopper marries for the sixth time, the onlooking world shakes its empty head as if he were some species of libertine, although anyone with a grain of sense might guess that, at least in his relations with women, the bewildered fellow was incorrigibly ingenuous, an incurable romantic, a man more innocent than his worldly-wise brothers, a Willie Baxter who never grew up. But, after all, the sapless and the strangulated have always misconstrued Don Juan.

"You either turn out the letter 'T' or I leave this hotel."

IN those troubled times, Wright went through some black and searing hours that would have destroyed anyone less vital. But at least the Japanese interlude was glorious, and in those four years there must have come to him a sense of accomplishment in a measure that it is given to few men in any century to savour even once in all their lives. The Japanese wished to build an Imperial Hotel in Tokyo as a social clearing-house for their empire. They sent a commission around the world to select an architect for their purpose and this commission chose our friend from Wisconsin. It was his task to rear a beautiful and spacious palace that would modestly take its cue from all the folkways and traditions of Japan, but which, in one important respect, must differ from all the other buildings round about. It must discover and express the secret of withstanding an earthquake.

The weight of the deepest sea in the world is forever straining intolerably the tenuous crust of that anxious island, and from time to time its whole surface shudders disastrously. Wright envisaged not only a stately but a flexible pleasure dome which, instead of trusting to any treacherous rock, might float instead on a sea of mud as a battleship floats on the ocean, the weight of its floors sustained not by the walls at all but by centered supports which would balance them as a waiter's fingers balance his tray.

It was a scheme to outwit rather than to defy the temblors, and it so departed from every routine

of habitual construction that, rather than entrust it to conventional builders, Wright himself took charge and brooded over the six hundred toiling artisans who fashioned it, piece by piece, as a thing at once of fine simplicity and infinite guile. Throughout those years he was generously backed with money, patience, and shelter from interference by old Baron Okura, a hearty little fellow of some eighty summers, who at the time had just been presented with his sixty-fourth child by his sixteenth wife. If our yellow journals ever reached Japan with their tales of his architect's so-called private life, these tales must have impressed the Baron as the insipid misadventures of a comparative anchorite. At last the great palace was completed—a jointed monolith with a mosaic surface of greenish-colored, leopard-spotted lava and slim, fluted, gold-colored bricks.

Wright received as rich a reward as any man could ask when his ship set sail at last from Yokohama, and sixty of his foremen, who had paid their own carfare from Tokyo to see him off, stood on the pier and yelled: "*Banzai, Wrieto-San, Banzai*" as the ship went down the bay. Then one night in 1924 he was awakened in Los Angeles by reporters bearing the news that the worst earthquake in history had wiped out Tokyo and Yokohama. The Imperial Hotel, the reporters said, had crumbled with the rest. It was only after ten days of uncertainty and conflicting rumors that Wright received this cablegram:

"Imperial stands undamaged a monument to your genius in Japan thousands of homeless provided with uninterrupted service congratulations. OKURA"

It seems the Imperial had rocked in the upheaval, but, as the temblor passed, had settled quietly back into position with no crack or dislocation to tell the story. Since then, whenever a temblor visits Tokyo, all the town tries to crowd into the terraced courtyards of the Imperial, seeking the protection of a god that can laugh at an earthquake.

I FIRST saw Wright himself on an afternoon in 1925 when, on a lecture tour in the Middle West, I found myself in Madison and learned that Wright's own house at Spring Green was only fifty miles away. I wanted to see with my own eyes the home that such a man would build for himself. Taliesin—that means "Radiant Brow" in Welsh—was already famous. Wright had fashioned it out of the wood and stone he found in this valley where, for three generations, his people had lived, and where his toes remembered the very feel of the soil from the barefoot days of his boyhood. To this valley he had retreated some years before from the prosperous suffocation of Oak Park on the complacent outskirts of Chicago.

I had dimly heard the old wives' tale of blasting disaster which had already been visited on Taliesin. A woman with two children had followed him there from Oak Park and found shelter under his gentle roof. This hospitality had outraged the Negro butler, who darkly predicted in the village that God would punish such goings-on. As is the way with such tormented moralists, he soon got it into his woolly and demented head that God expected him to do something about it personally, soon, indeed, had himself and a vengeful Jehovah committed to a hideous partnership. On a night when Wright was away from home he struck, tossing lighted torches into a kerosene-soaked dining-room and stationing himself outside with an axe to slaughter the guests as they fled through the blazing exit. In the climax of this holocaust he killed himself, so that there were seven bodies in the ruins that awaited Wright when he came home. I imagine that the wretched fanatic counted on going down in history as the author of one of the most monstrous crimes in American annals, but it attracted little attention in next day's newspapers, for he had picked a bad night for it. The front pages that morning in August, 1914, were rather given over to the news that England had declared war on Germany.

I HAD read enough of Wright's dicta on architecture—maxims, you might call them, and certainly some of them are silencers—and seen enough of his work to forecast the quality of Taliesin. I knew that it would pick up its colors from the red cedars, white birches, and yellow-sand limestone round about, that it would gratefully take its lines from the crest of the hill it was to crown, that indeed it would

not be so much *on* the hill as *of* it. I knew that it would be peculiarly suitable to the landscape whence it sprang, and to the needs and habits of the man occupying it. I would not be equipped to discuss it in the technical terms of organic architecture, but I knew it would be different from all other houses in the world, without any of the visible and aching strain of a conscious effort to be different. Of course that is the peculiar gift of Wright and his like in this world—to build freshly as though we had all just come out of Eden with no precedents to tyrannize over us. I knew therefore that in Taliesin I would find nothing alien, nothing automatic, nothing unreasonable. Perhaps that's the essence of it—reasonableness. Sweet reasonableness. With the sweetness of warm milk, of new-mown hay, and of water, fresh-cupped from a bubbling spring.

All this I expected, but I had not enough gift of divination to realize in advance how inexpressibly consoling would be its every aspect, how happily would the house grow like a vine on that hill-crest, how unerringly would every window foresee and frame the landscape that was to croon to the man within, above all how pliantly the unpretentious home would meet halfway the participation of the countryside. Why, if a lovely tree was in the way of that house, the house just doffed its cap respectfully and went around it.

I spent two wondering hours at Taliesin. A sunset storm was gathering in the west as I drove away. Next morning in Minneapolis I read that, within an hour after I had left, lightning had struck the house and burned it to the ground. You can see for yourself how malignant circumstances have buffeted this man. This giant. This ingenuous giant.

"Hello, Ed, what's new?"

HOWEVER, it would take more than a few murders, some bolts from the blue, and the ugly lynching-cry of the mob to repress for any length of time a fellow with so rich a gift for life. A new Taliesin crowns the self-same hill today and the children of a recent and fortunate marriage are at play in the sun-dappled courtyards. I gather from newspaper references to certain glass towers projected for our own St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie and to a vast Arizona caravansary designed for San Marcos-in-the-Desert, that, after long years of costly interruption, he is back at work. I am glad, for I think he is a great man. I know how flagrantly he himself had invited some of the thunderbolts that have struck him. I know what perverse and tactless mockery of all who would serve him dances ever in his eyes. I know how near the surface, always, is the untamed imp in him that bids him upset the very apple cart he is hungrily approaching. But I think, too, that no one in the modern world has brought to architecture so good a mind, so leaping an imagination, or so fresh a sense of beauty. Indeed, if the editor of this journal were so to ration me that I were suffered to apply the word "genius" to only one living American, I would have to save it up for Frank Lloyd Wright.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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RAINY WOODS

Wood thrush, crying,
Bird in the dusk, in the rain,
Is it happiness or pain
That batters now
The small breast on the blown and shadowy bough?

Wild bird shaken under the leaning cloud,
Your wings are wet with rain, your throat is full
Of cries for the silver rain! Oh, brave and loud
Your throat is, at the wood's edge; beautiful
In the summer dusk are the drenched and darkened cedars,
Are the blackberry blossoms dripping and dimly white. . . .
Oh, bird, I too am broken upon this night!

—FRANCES M. FROST

THE THEATRE

LAMBS AT LIBERTY

AS a revue, there is nothing particularly memorable about "Who Cares?" but there are three or four minutes of it which furnish an agreeably sudden excitement. Along about the middle of the second act, immediately following a particularly ungainly bit of horseplay, the curtains are drawn and without warning there flashes from the wings a tall, graceful young lady dressed in a long black dress and wearing a white wig with a three-cornered hat. Now there is nothing especially unusual about a tall young lady dressed in this fashion, although I personally am very partial to white wigs and three-cornered hats. But the immediate reaction to the vision, which is intensified as the young lady proceeds to dance, is a feeling that you have never seen anything like it before in your life. For, aside from being dressed unlike a dancer, she is reading from a book as she dances.

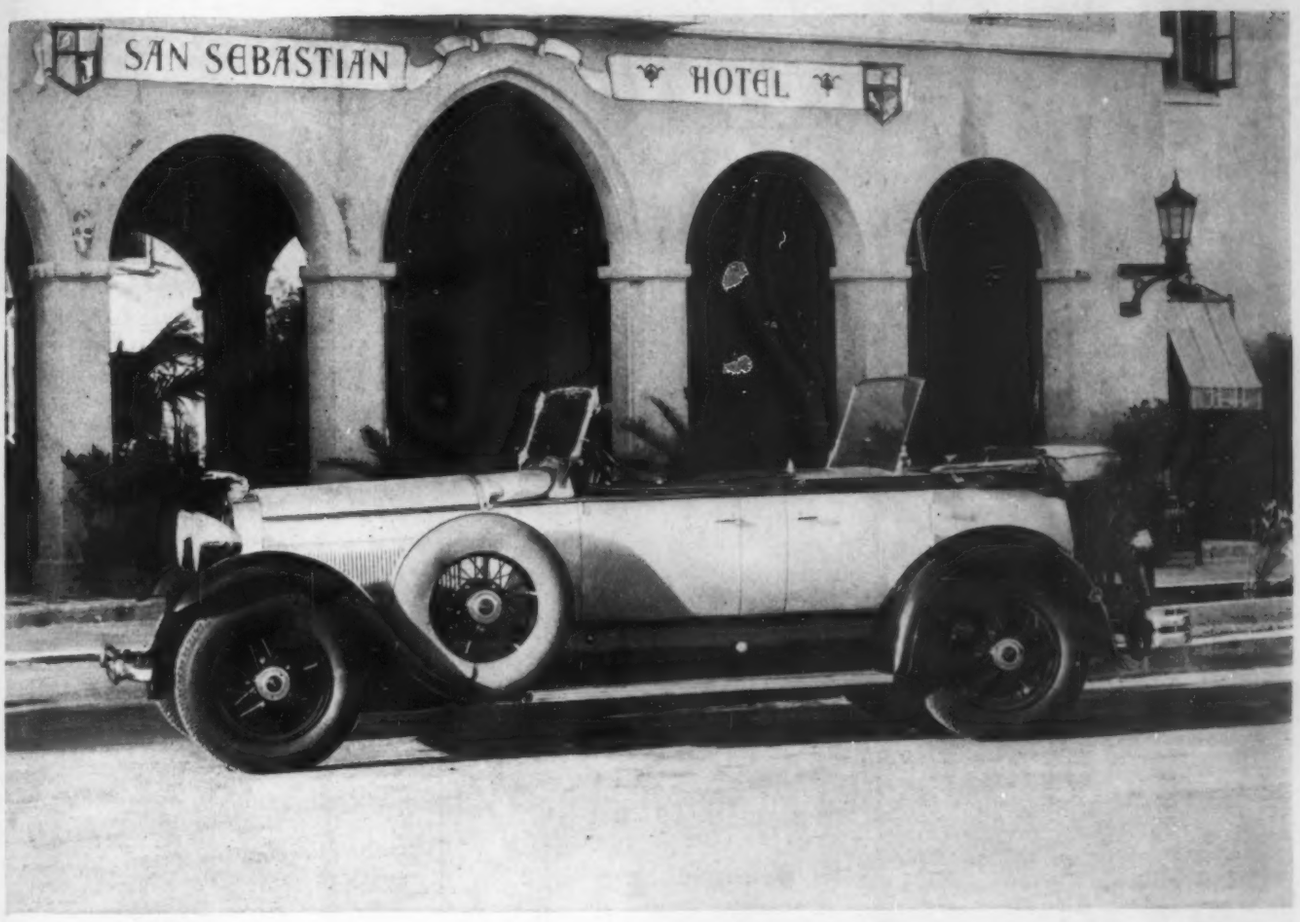
Just why this should be so exciting is a little difficult to explain, unless you know what I mean without being told. But the open book, *with* the long black dress and *with* the white wig and three-cornered hat, to say nothing of the young lady's exceedingly graceful kicking and pirouetting, is a touch which makes this dance one of the high spots in a season marked by high spots in dancing, a high spot in any season, as a matter of fact. I am afraid that there is just a touch of something pathological in my high emotional reaction to this, something that a diagnostician would nod his head and smile sagely at, so I will not dwell on the point other than to say that the young lady's name is Sibylla Bowhan and that I may drop into "Who Cares?" several times in the next week just to catch her act.

The rest of "Who Cares?" is just about the sort of revue you might expect when a lot of members of the Lambs Club who are temporarily "at liberty" get together and put on a show for themselves. It has a few good sketches, culled from the best of the recent Lambs' "Gambols," and some songs by Percy Wenrich, strung together with a pleasingly informal lack of expert direction more or less in keeping with the title of the revue itself. Florenz Ames and Percy Helton and other Lambs, with a ladies' auxiliary consisting of some good-looking girls, take care of what acting there is supposed to be, and William Holbrook does some excellent dancing by himself. Mr. Holbrook is especially expert in a burlesque of the Hunting Ballet from the late "Simple Simon," managing, by some mysterious alchemy, to suggest Miss Harriet Hoctor without, needless to say, looking like her. And in order even to suggest Miss Hoctor, it is necessary for the suggester to be a pretty darn good dancer himself. As a matter of fact, the twelve Lambs who do their best to suggest the Ziegfeld ballet which accompanied Miss Hoctor over the hurdles do a lot better dancing than you would expect twelve Lambs in a row to be capable of.

These, together with some occasionally promising comedy from Miss Olive Olsen, are the best points in "Who Cares?" The bad points, of which there are several, will be easily discernible if you take it into your head to spend one of these cooler evenings at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre. It really will not make much difference to

"TELL ME PRETTY MAIDEN ARE THERE ANY MORE AT HOME LIKE YOU?"
Eng by JOHN HELD JR OH DEARY ME, HOW TIME DOES FLY

THE LINCOLN



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FOR THE WEEK-END!

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• • •

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STETSON HATS
AT THE BETTER STORES

you whether you go or not, but it will make a lot of difference to the Lambs. And you might be one of us who get a great kick out of Miss Bowhan's number.

THE Cossacks who raided Mr. Carroll's "Vanities" showed excellent taste in concentrating their complaints on the window-dressing scene. It was easily the most offensive one in the show and Mr. Savo himself ought to be a lot happier with it in its present form. There is dirt and dirt. The window-dressing scene was one kind; Mr. Benny's travelling-salesman act, with the cow and the milkmaid, is another. Just where the difference comes would be difficult to analyze, especially with the postal authorities as snoopy as they are, but there is a difference. Perhaps some of it lies in the fact that Mr. Benny handles a situation like that with considerable tact. Then, too, the cow lends a wholesome, rustic air to the scene which relieves it of some of the "sophistication" of which Mr. Carroll is so proud. With the window-dressing scene fixed up and several of the more naked people out of the show, the "Vanities" is now just *one* of the rawest performances on record instead of *the* rawest. It speaks very well for the ingenuousness of the police examiners that they saw nothing censorable in the "Hittin' the Bottle" number. They must lead very sheltered lives themselves. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

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HOW LIKE HER GENERATION!

A youngish, new moon
  Of a delicate light,
(Scooped out like a spoon
  In the blue bowl of night)

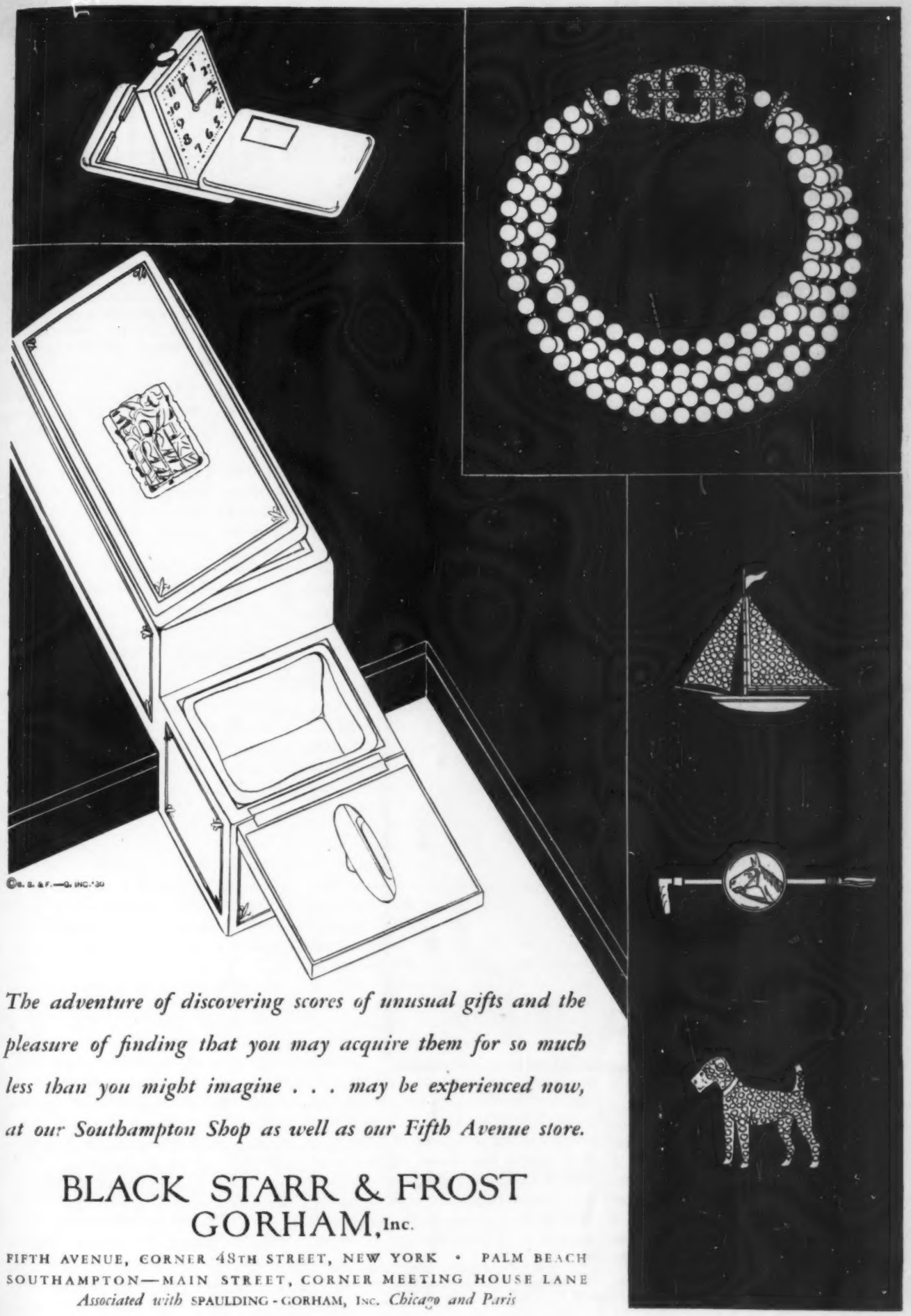
Draws droll silhouettes
  Of elderly trees,
Mischievous vignettes
  Of elbows and knees

Grown twisted and old
  In the wind of the years—
The young moon is cold
  And clever. . . . Her tears

Would be harder than hail,
  And sharper than ice;
The young moon is pale
  And not very nice.

Insolent, gay,
  She marks the uncouth,
And rides on her way
  Burlesquing the truth.

—PATIENCE EDEN



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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

PUT UP OR SHUT UP

IT may be a weary business to plod along in the wake of those old-fashioned historians who were so scrupulous that they could not take a step without leaving a footnote. But I could wish that some of their airy successors would not make dark or spicy allusions without a word of proof or explanation. Even the Olympian Bolitho had occasional sportive moments of such irresponsibility. The great Lytton Strachey has been caught pink-handed. And as for that ornately punditical fellow, Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, I do think he should be told to put up or shut up. After an exasperated reading of "King Spider," his stout (or medium-stout) defence of Louis XI, I really do not care which course he elects to pursue.

FOR instance, in reading "Elizabeth and Essex" I made note of one sentence as something to ask old Doctor Strachey about if ever I should get him in a corner. It was in that climacteric passage wherein he guesses at the thoughts which moaned and whimpered in the draughty corridors of Elizabeth's mind as she let Essex go to the scaffold. The passage runs in this wise:

> An extraordinary passion moved the obscure profundities of her being as she condemned her lover to her mother's death. . . . After all the long years of her life-time, and in this appalling consummation, was it her murdered mother who had finally emerged? The wheel had come full circle. Manhood—that fascinating, detestable entity, which had first come upon her concealed in yellow magnificence in her father's lap—manhood was overthrown at last. Literally, perhaps. She knew well enough the punishment for high treason. But no! She smiled sardonically. She would not deprive him of the privilege of his rank. . . . It would be enough if she cut off his head.

Now this curious bit of childhood reminiscence was new to me, and I found it difficult to imagine to what manner of confidante, to what singular repository, the Virgin Queen could have entrusted so uncharacteristically Freudian a clinical history. Since the new biographers are above giving chapter and verse, I felt emboldened to ask Mr. Strachey pointblank. A man of astonishing aspect, this Mr. Strachey, moss-grown, with arms and legs and whiskers all fronds of semi-tropical luxuriance that stir lazily in the faint winds of controversy. Where, I asked (with a little something of the late Mr. Jaggers's manner) had he found the authority for that sinister allusion?

"Oh, that," he answered placidly. "I just invented it."

AGAINST the "fashionable vice" of such historical hanky-panky, the aforesaid D. B. Wyndham Lewis holds forth severely in his preface to "King Spider," himself eschewing such license "as a matter of elementary honor" and banishing Mr. Strachey (almost by name) from the austere workshop of the historians to the irresponsible playground of "honest fiction." After which edict he himself lapses into a series of dark hints, indistinguishable from the manner of a gossip column.

Consider, for instance, his handling of that esteemed contemporary of King Spider's, the dreadful Gilles de Rais, sometime Marshal of France, who not only served with magnificent loyalty as a lieutenant under Jeanne d'Arc, but, after her martyrdom, spent a vast fortune in producing and sending on tour an early forerunner of Mr. Shaw's "Saint Joan" as counter-propaganda to all the ugly tales which the English were spreading about the Matchless Maid. Later this handsome, lavish, and scholarly lord fell into evil ways, following his experiments in alchemy with such rites in satanism as involved the wanton slaughter of hundreds of children. To this day the hearthstones of Brittany shudder over the memory of the soft-spoken, heavily-veiled woman who prowled the lanes of their terror-struck countryside, and, with pretty words and sweetmeats, decoyed little boys and girls to one or another of the dungeons of Messire de Rais, where they were kept on hand, penned like guinea-pigs, for such malignant and exquisitely cruel abominations as even vivisectionists are seldom accused of. I quote direct:

> The documents presenting the evidence at his trial for sorcery, followed by his burning at the stake in 1440, are almost fantastic—or would be so, did not satanism exist still. The practice of the black arts and the scientific cult of the Devil are not extraordinary to anyone acquainted with Huysmans' "Là-Bas" *or the performances of a modern personage of Anglo-Saxon nationality whose orgies at Capri and elsewhere are sufficiently notorious.* Gilles de Rais had the advantage over this enthusiast of being able to go further.

Now the italics are mine, but the words are Wyndham Lewis's and the historical style is Walter Winchell's. The bland introduction of that style into so pretentious a work as "King Spider" gives me, if Mr. Wyndham Lewis will pardon an Americanism, what is technically known as a pain.

IF this brief discourse on the tricks and the manners of our more readable biographers has developed by insensible degrees into a case of simple assault upon Mr. Wyndham Lewis, I suspect it is because I am continuously irritated by the ostentatiousness of the man's Catholicism. I do not happen to know when Mr. Lewis embraced the Church of Rome, if the word "embraced" is adequate to describe so fervent a stranglehold. But at least he has all the insistence of a recent convert. In his treatise on that pious rapscallion, Louis XI, he keeps taking out his faith and waving it rather in the manner of a *nouveau riche* scattering tips in a restaurant. Being a mere heathen onlooker, I cannot, of course, experience the full distaste which such graceless and self-defeating behavior arouses in the bosom of those born in the deep purple of the Church of Rome. It is no secret that Holy Church finds the conspicuous and aggressive ardor of its still damp converts more than a little trying. When old priests get together they tell, with Gargantuan chuckles, the story of one magnificent Irish prelate who said on his deathbed: "Well, in my time I have committed every sin mentioned in the Calendar, but at least I can go before my Maker and boast that I never brought anyone into the Catholic Church."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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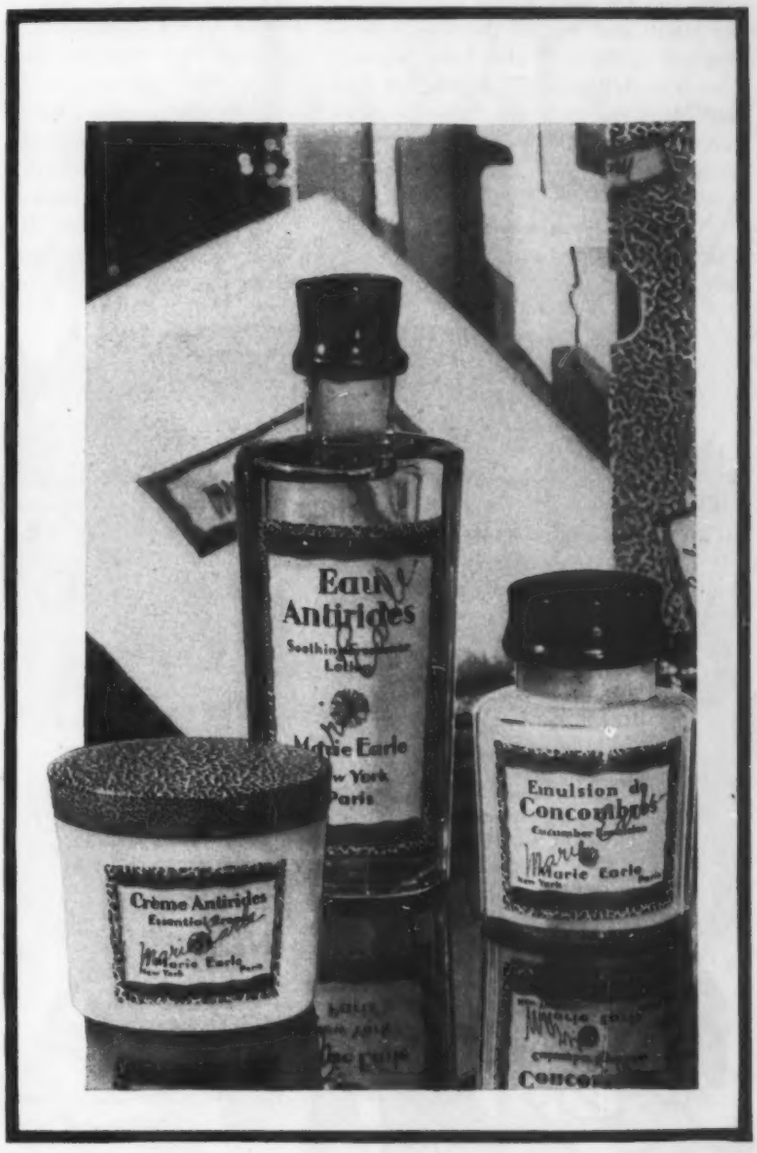

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

STEAM SONG

THE *Schnelldampfer* Bremen is not news for the notables she carries, nor because of her modern décor, nor because of her twelve bars. To discover why world shipping dips its ensigns to her and her sister, the Europa, you will need to pay a visit to her engine-room, one of the two speediest afloat. After boarding the ship at Quarantine you must search out an elevator, not mirrored and carpeted like the ones in the main saloon, but small and out of the way. It is reached at the end of a long journey (made in defiance of a number of formidable signs that say "*Zutritt Verboten*") through a passage that begins as a corridor and ends as a gangway.

No apartment house has a lift neater, quieter, or more obedient to the pressure of your finger on a small black button. Having pushed the lowest one, you descend softly in a lacquered cage, closed in the modern manner so that you may gain no idea of your speed or the length of your descent. You only know that the atmosphere grows warmer and more clamorous as you go down.

AT the bottom you will find a maze of piping, turbines that reach up two stories, and fires that burn frantically in a chilly boiler-room. It is difficult to see an engine-room for the machinery. There are no panoramas; there is scarcely so much as a vista to get your teeth in. You tread uneasily on acres of metal grillwork or diamond-corrugated sheet metal that goes "Wham!" when you step on it, like a trapdrummer's cymbal. You hold to handrails that are faintly sleek with oil. You duck your head for ganglia of piping, heavily lagged with asbestos, and only an inch above your forehead. You are always going down three steps, or up five, squeezing yourself between odd shapes and tripping on the thin six inches of metal that thrusts itself upward at a bulkhead door.

Furthermore, an engine-room in this day of mechanical perfection manifests as little in the way of motion as your automobile engine when you lift up the hood. The thing is running, but what do you see? A Hudson River ferryboat is, in one sense, more satisfying. Things are going up and down, around and around, back and forth. The engine-room of a *Schnelldampfer*, which packs one hundred thousand horses into the size of a ten-room triplex apartment, is as full of static metal as Bashford Dean's Hall of Armor at the Metropolitan Museum. Only when you stand by one of the eighteen-inch-thick propeller shafts and watch its polished roundness winking in the light, do you get any sense of being where things are actually happening.

"We might have dinner together sometime—huh, Louise?"

IT is not quiet. There is no clash, no clangor, but the air is filled with a constant rushing noise. The ears get so used to it in three minutes that unless some instrument changes key you hear nothing at all. It is not until you try to speak that you realize the depth of sound. It crams the voice back into the tonsils; makes you feel faintly tired at the idea of saying anything; embarrasses you when one of your overstrained vocal cords slips and produces an unexpected higher harmonic of your voice. You separate out the components of the torrent only with difficulty. The four main turbines that drive the ship growl at low speeds and whine at high ones; whine all at slightly different pitches.

There is, as *obbligato* to this, the noise of Diesel engines that drive the electrical machinery. These are abaft the main turbines, and half a deck above. They run on raw fuel oil and need no delicacies in their diet, but they chatter like the Bandar-log. Beyond the turbines, beyond the Diesels, there is the mosaic of sounds supplied by dynamos, fuel pumps, feedwater pumps, blowers, compressors, exhaust fans, oil pumps, bilge pumps, condenser pumps

free wheeling is here!

You don't have to touch the clutch,

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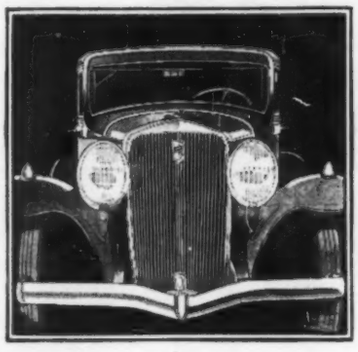

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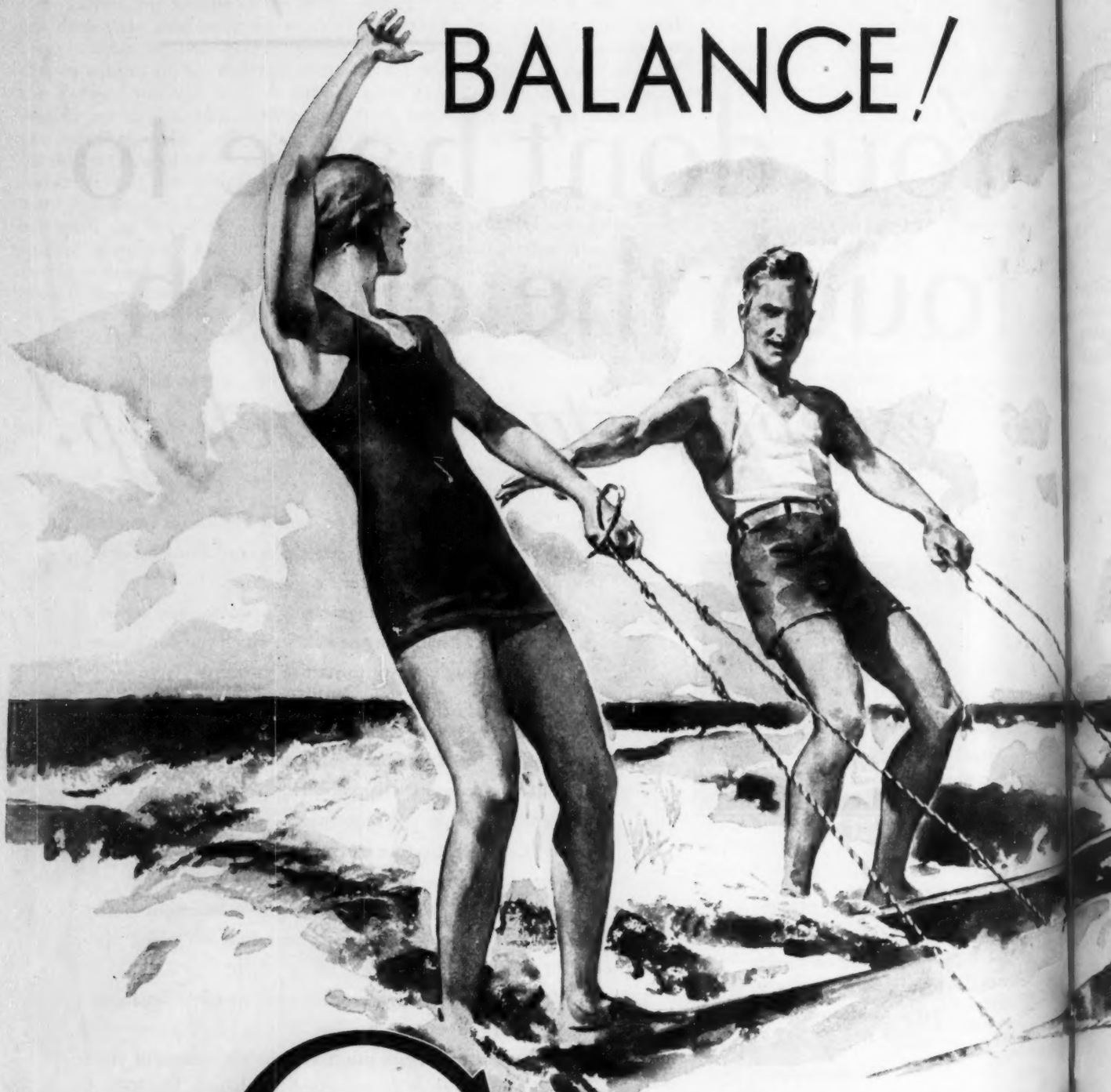

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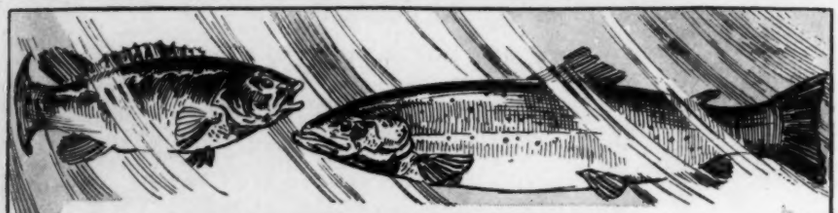

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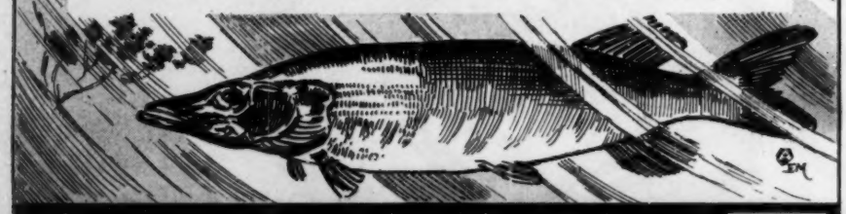

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S S B

—separate pieces of machinery to the number of ninety-five.

THE engine-room is not hot, save in one corner near the condensers where, during the course of the iciest transatlantic midwinter crossing, you can always bank on a temperature of 105°. For the rest, any New York sidewalk is hotter at the end of a summer day, and the heat (about eighty in the shade) somehow surrounds you, wraps you in, and makes you like it.

The organization of an engine-room provides, immediately below the chief, three first engineers: one in charge of the main turbines, one in charge of all auxiliary machines, and one in charge of firerooms. For each first engineer there are three second engineers; for each second there are three thirds. It is the thirds who have the most fun. It is their job to make things go. They are the lads who pull the levers and swing the three-foot steel control wheels that open and close the steam ports to the main turbines. Below them, the proletariat begins—oilers, wipers, stokers, watertenders—to a total engine and fireroom population of one hundred and seventy-two, for the management of one hundred thousand horses. If muscles alone were driving this ship as they drove a Roman trireme, the engine-room crew would total at least three million, six hundred thousand men.

THE chief engineer watches his assistants, who stand in a line before him with their hands on their levers, watching the engine-room telegraphs for signs of action. At a small desk, slightly removed from the front line, there sits a young third engineer at his homework. He is the keeper of the engine-room log. Every maneuver, timed to the split second, must be recorded on the sheet before him. He frowns importantly. If anything serious were to happen, millions of lawsuit dollars might depend on his microscopic history.

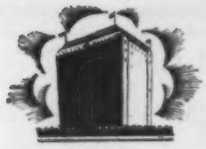
He gets his chance in a moment. A horn blares, even above the noise of the Diesels, dynamos, and pumps, and a red light lights over a soundproof telephone booth. It reminds you of something on the desk of Dr. Fu Manchu. A third engineer leaps into the booth, closes out the noise, takes the message from the bridge, and is out again in five seconds. By the way the line of assistants stiffens under the eye of the chief, the bridge will be wanting the engines in another minute or so.

It does. Two gongs sound and one port turbine indicator slides from *"Halt"* to *"Zurück: Langsam;"* a starboard one to *"Voraus: Langsam."* The hands of the third engineers reach out swiftly for the acknowledgment telegraphs. Before this gesture is completed, their fellows have spun their control wheels a turn and a quarter and the turbines come up to a baritone growl. The ship is swinging about in the channel to head upstream again.

IT takes seven signal changes and twenty-two minutes before two indicators settle down to *"Voraus: Halb"* and you know that you are trudging through the Upper Bay at some fifteen miles per hour. There is no sense of motion; for all the quivering of your eardrums there is no vibration. The turbines make a sound like the motors of some Gargantuan street-car. Just now, only two of them are in use. The other two shafts (you cannot reverse a turbine, so every forward one has a twin to run backward) are ready for full speed astern, should a coal barge or a jay-walking ferryboat wander absent-mindedly across the ship's bows. There are one hundred tons of moving steel in the turbines and shafts, but they can go from full ahead to full astern, if they have to, in fifteen seconds.

The engine-room enjoys twenty minutes of uninterrupted half speed. The revolution indicators, when you pick them out from among some thirty dials registering everything from simple temperatures down to the percentage of carbon dioxide in the firerooms, show 105. This is the number of turns per minute that the propellers are making outside the ship. A speed like this, however, does not even provide a turbine with enough exercise to remain healthy; they are, in their nature, high-speed machines that must run at least ten times as fast. Full speed means that the propellers turn two hundred and ten times per minute, but that the turbines connected to them by heavy steel reduction gearing run twenty-one hundred revolutions to the minute. Each turbine blade revolves thirty-five times per second, and there are sixty thousand blades in each turbine. When the steam leaves them for the condensers, it is tired steam.

THE firerooms are a vast mean trick on Eugene O'Neill. The oil-burner has removed the Hairy Ape as far from modern life as the comedies of Wycherley or Congreve. You



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be nonchalant . . .

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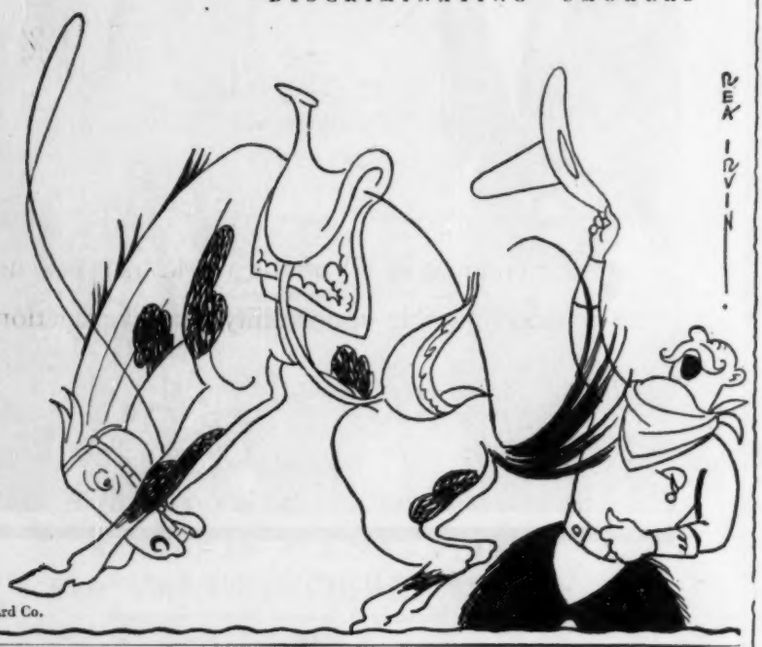

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enter them through compression locks; for, to make fires burn brighter and hotter, they are under a pressure eight pounds above the atmospheric. Here, many feet below the waterline, and not more than a foot away from flames that would fuse stone, the temperature is chilly. The air you breathe was on the boat deck a second ago. The boilers are wrapped in a foot of asbestos, and if your own radiators were no hotter on October 15, you could have your landlord in court. The firerooms are clean enough to be carpeted, and whereas before the war it took one hundred naked, sweating stokers to make the steam for thirty-five thousand horsepower, all that the hundred thousand of the Bremen needs is fifteen valets. They have telegraphs of their own: on a call for more steam a few young men kick themselves off a side wall by heels and elbows and run the width of the room at full tilt, hitting levers with their fists to turn the burners higher. Thereafter it is unlikely that they will have anything at all to do for the next half-hour.

DOCKING is too simple to be fun. The efficiency of an engine-room depends on knowing what the telegraphs will be doing a second before they do it. There are no orders, no bustle, no excitement, no emergencies. After the indicators have stood at "*Halt*" for half an hour, it dawns on you that you are moored. You climb forty feet to the lowest porthole and look out. You see a picket fence. It is all over. The fires are out. The needles on the steam-pressure gauges sink to a rest from which it will take eight hours of intensive oil-burning to rouse them, preparatory to departure. Gradually the *Machienen Personnel* disperses, all save a skeleton crew under whose eyes the endless Diesels go on with their idiot song, and blacksmiths, braziers, coppersmiths, and machinists enter to consider the matter of port repairs. Having left his instructions, the chief engineer takes the elevator to his cabin on the boat deck, where there are blue and buff hangings, modernistic statuary, and no machinery.

IT is doubtful if he will be able to forget it even here, however, for the atmosphere of machinery is omnipresent on the *Schnelldampfer*. The prewar era of competitive speeds has been reopened, just as has, on land, the prewar era of my-building-is-taller-than-your-building. The Woolworth Building and the Steamship Maure-

tania belong to the same period; each lost its crown at approximately the same time.

The Atlantic's Dowager Queen is twenty-three years old. She tussled with her sister, the Lusitania, during her first two years, and then in 1909 definitely took the crown. She held it undisputed for thirteen years. Then, in 1922, the Majestic beat her on an eastward trip. In 1923 the Leviathan beat her on a westward one. In 1924, however, she reconquered both her younger challengers and set up a record of five days, one hour, and forty-seven minutes between Cherbourg Breakwater and Ambrose Lightship—one that stood until the Bremen took her blue ribbon, and passed it on to the Europa.

When the Mauretania was launched, designers could find speed only in long, narrow hulls. Yet the ships that have displaced her are the broadest on the Atlantic—they have a beam of one hundred and two feet against the Mauretania's eighty-eight. Moreover, so comparatively little did their designers care about things like that, that on the Bremen they lapped her plates the way of the greatest resistance to water—just swank to show it didn't matter. The reason it doesn't matter is the Bremen's now well-discussed bulbous bow. The bulbous bow creates dead water for the ship to travel in, and gives the propellers something additional to kick against. Engine design, of course, is vital to speed; but engineers have been ready with more powerful turbines for some little time. What stopped them was economics: the ghastly difference in cost between running at twenty-six knots and at twenty-seven. Better hull design and lessened friction have helped all that.

SPEED, consequently, after twenty nugatory years, has come back to its own. Size was a selling point for a while. Luxury succeeded it. Just at the moment, however, the thing that makes naval architects tear their hair is not where to put the last two bars or how thick to make the saloon carpets, but how to get the greatest number of nautical miles per day onto the log. The White Star Line stopped work on its thousand-foot Oceanic to watch the Bremen and the Europa; when the Bremen made its first crossing in four days, seventeen hours, and forty-two minutes, and the Europa shortened this to four days, seventeen hours, and six minutes some time later, the Oceanic's keel was dismantled, and

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Ask The Man
Who Owns One

naval architects went into brown studies, not only at Belfast, but at Glasgow and at St. Nazaire. They are beginning to emerge again, now, with plans for ships that will cost thirty million dollars against the Bremen's fifteen million dollars. Somewhere in these upper reaches, dividends to stockholders stop; just where, with improved engineering, no man knows. Competitors' worries are increased, too, by the certain knowledge that, although the line will not admit it officially, neither the Bremen nor the Europa has yet been pushed to her full capacity.

Perhaps these turbines will never sing at their highest notes. They are expensive enough to maintain as it is. It takes eight hundred and ten tons of fuel oil per day to drive them, and through the lightening of this load alone, the hull comes a foot farther out of the water every twenty-four hours. Every suffering square inch of the boilers and turbines is at a pressure of three hundred and fifty pounds. Competitive building in the next ten years will raise this figure first to five hundred, then to a thousand, and if other developments keep pace it looks as though the Atlantic would have to submit to being crossed in some three days without recourse to aircraft.

ALL of which seems difficult to realize when the ship is at her pier. Within an hour of docking she is quiet, empty, and dark. The belt conveyers are working, carrying aboard yards upon yards of fish, of artichokes, of oranges, of eggs, of butter, and all other perishables or easily-exhaustibles. The pier is cavernous and smells of wet hemp, and the sides of the ship go up twelve stories and the rivets in her sides are the size of pancakes. It is as easy to think of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh out for a stroll as it is to think of this vast cathedral of iron in any state but that of the most placid and profound immobility.

—ERIC HODGINS

•

Dr. Charles Ritter, German diet specialist, and Frau Koervin, Berlin society woman, were discovered living on Charles Island, in the Galapagos group near the Equator, a few weeks ago by the Eugene MacDonald expedition. They are the only inhabitants of the island, and are presumed to be demonstrating some of Dr. Ritter's theories.—*Los Angeles Times.*

The Eugene MacDonald expedition will please to mind its own business.

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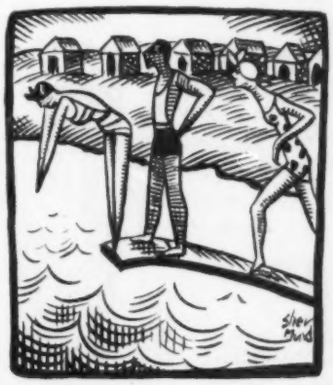
LONDON LETTER

LONDON, JULY 9

THE revolution is accomplished: the Serpentine now has its famous public bathing beach. King William of Orange, whose private gardens became Hyde Park, must be turning in his grave, and so must all the dear old ladies who used to come for a drive after tea and who used to stop their coachmen for a moment to throw a crumb to the ornamental ducks.

In a mood of curiosity I attended the opening exercises. The new pavilion stood revealed to the admiration of the assembled mob. There was thunder in the air, and the day was darkling as if in portent. The mob stared with open mouths and shrill mirth. Two policemen unrolled a new carpet to the water's edge. The crowd cheered. A cameraman perched himself on the diving board, and the two policemen ordered the people to move on, which they did sullenly, breathing heavily with anticipation. A few forlorn descendants of the original ducks paddled among the young men who had rented boats to see the show. Then an earsplitting young woman said she was fed up and warn't going to wait any longer, and began to take off her clothes. There was a mighty craning of necks. Other young women discovered they had the same intention. The startled mob found itself punctuated with young women struggling out of their dresses. Mr. Lansbury looked worried. When the hands of the clock swung round to half-past four, there was a sudden surge forward, and one of the girls was trampled on. At a signal, a door opened in the pavilion and a maiden appeared, running toward the water. The crowd cheered lustily. Other maidens rushed in, old women, somebody called Nancy, a fat man in a blue-and-white bathing suit. . . . The sky growled angrily and it began to rain.



THE worst of all London seasons has dragged itself on with a sort of incredulous obstinacy. The horse show at Olympia, which is one of the things most worth seeing, was half deserted. As usual the picked riders of the European armies competed for the Prince of Wales' Cup —the Germans for the first time since the late unpleasantness. It was rather disheartening to find the French officers refusing to meet the Germans socially outside the hall, and very suggestive to hear an English audience, always sensitive to drama and fair play, cheering the Germans when these two teams had eliminated everybody else and had come into direct competition.

It seems a pity to invite these people here and then feel too miserable to go and see them; but perhaps the Ascot debacle was the cause of it. Poor old Ascot! Of course some of its glory had departed anyhow, with the coming of the six-shilling enclosure, but this year the Royal Enclosure itself was made rather ridiculous when two divorcées were discovered there so soon after that unfortunate business of the lady whose presentation at Court had to be officially cancelled. Unhappily, even the elements showed a disrespectful tendency. The sky opened wide and great torrents of rain descended upon all three enclosures alike; so the crowd was treated to the diverting spectacle of the white-topper brigade paddling in six inches of water with their trousers rolled up, and full-length dresses and floppy hats getting limper and more bedraggled as the flower of England's beauty sploshed about in the mud, and sat down unexpectedly, and got very, very wet. Race cards, sandwiches, and flowers bobbed limply on the surface of the waters; an occasional topper came floating downstream. The frailer ladies went pickaback to the shore. The others just yanked up their skirts and plunged in. I imagine the very last thing anybody who went to Ascot wants to see again is a horse.

MOST of the festivities which follow Ascot used to be fairly transparent excuses for going on wearing Ascot dresses. There was Ascot Sunday on the river, when graceful gentlemen manipulated punt poles, and lovely ladies trailed their arms in the water. Of course the only craft a gentleman could be seen in was a punt, and white flannels were absolutely obligatory. The

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Thames at Maidenhead has been so essentially English that one hates to see it go the way of all flesh. This year, however, at a given moment in Boulter's Lock, I did not find a single punt. Instead there was a jam of motor boats, with a number of middle-aged women, and fat gentlemen in bowlers; there was even a boatload of pallid clerks in —may Heaven forgive them—bathing suits.

The pageant of the river culminates at Henley, which is an enchanting scene; but the *beau monde* has long deserted the regatta, for the simple reason that it invariably rains. Still, if anybody wants to see England at its best I recommend Henley. It isn't fashionable, but it isn't squalid either. The world leaves it to the young oarsmen of the various Oxford, Cambridge, and American colleges, with the friends of the young oarsmen, and their parents, and their own and other people's sisters. They come to see the rowing, and to eat strawberries and cream on the lawns of Phyllis Court. This, at all events, is still allowed us.

EVERYBODY has been most kind to R. C. Sherriff over "Badger's Green," which is far from being another "Journey's End." Cricket is the theme, and whether the villainous speculative builder shall put his beastly little villas on the cricket pitch or be brought to a consciousness of nobler things by going in as thirteenth man to save the local team from worse than death. Oh, he saves them.

The sensation of the moment is Madame Pitoëff as Saint Joan, at the Globe. However, since the Globe is a small theatre, barely one-tenth of the people who go about asking "Have you seen Madame Pitoëff?" can actually have witnessed the performance. It was the same with Moissi the month before.

Those who feel that the summer is no time to be intelligent prefer "The Love Match," at the Gaiety. The dancing is good, the music is good, the fooling is good. Stanley Lupino wrote the whole thing himself, and stage-managed it as well. —A. G.

•

Premier Mussolini today ordered the flags on all public buildings throughout the kingdom of Italy to be carried at half-staff during her 20 years' illness from bronchial trouble.—*Hollywood (Cal.) News.*

No nation has such capacity for sorrow.

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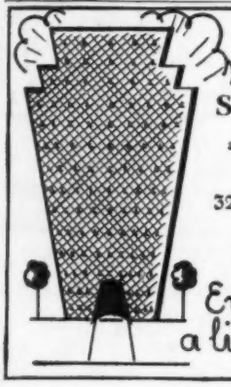

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YOU CAN'T KILL A BULL IN FRANCE

ON the way to Grasse to see the bullfight I acquired a companion in the form of one representative Frenchman. That is, he was rather small, very opinionated, and talkative. "I suppose you know, Monsieur," he told me, "that they will not kill this bull? No. It is against the law to do that. They can hold a bullfight, yes, but they cannot kill a bull in France."

He continued to say that in various forms up to the time the fight began in the makeshift arena. Everybody else around us said the same thing, that you can't kill a bull in France, and that was why the bull of today would not be killed. My companion kept muttering this even as the fight started. There was something rather strange about the way he reiterated it, as if he didn't quite mean what he said, or at least as if he thought that it was a very foolish state of affairs.

He told me, as the matador engaged the bull: "It is as I thought, always the same with these things in France. I have seen many of them. They will only play with him like that. They are not allowed to kill him. Believe me, my friend, they will not kill this bull."

Even as he spoke, it happened before anyone realized it. There was the matador, standing in his green *pantalons* at the very side of the bull, just back of his horns. And there was a sword, stuck deep down in between the bull's shoulders. The great beast shivered, his snort choked, his eyes protruded with shock, and he fell heavily to the ground, first on his forelegs and then on his side. He was quite dead.

With a start I recollected that you can't kill a bull in France. I turned to my companion and asked: "What is this? That bull is dead, is it not? And this is France, is it not?"

The little Frenchman looked at me. He did not smile, but a knowing look came into his face. Then, very seriously, he said "Ah, but Monsieur, that was an accident." —THEODORE PRATT

•

She was then about sixteen, and dressed herself always in black dresses—dozens of them—falling away from her slim, perfect body like strips of clay from a sculptor's thumb.—*F. Scott Fitzgerald in the Saturday Evening Post.*

In that case, dozens of them would be none too many.

YOURS *for fewer feet*

Before cobblers went in for orthopedics and became big boot and shoe men, there used to be an affinity, often remarked, between cobbling and atheism. It was no coincidence. Humanity shows at its worst about the feet. Too many feet seen concurrently are destructive of faith in God and man alike—another reason why subway traveling is so sapping to the morale. And have you noticed that in the subway for every head there are two feet—and it's the feet they use? Come, oh come, to Tudor City* where feet are fewer and walked with, not thought with.

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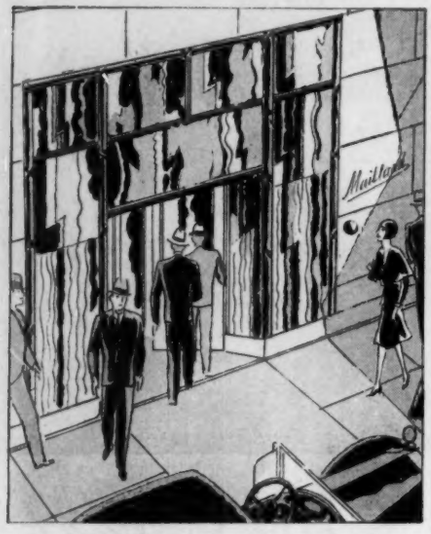

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THINGS TEMPORAL

IN front of me sat the sun-tanned inhabitants of Cabin 1, Junior Camp, waiting with the famous patience of seven-year-olds for the waiter to bring in the dessert course.

"I'll tell you what," said one of them. "Let's count up the automobiles at this table. They have twenty-eight at the next table but I think we have more. I'll begin. We have six."

"What kind?"

"Cadillacs. How many do you have at your house, De Witt?"

The next in line thought for a moment. "Twelve," he said finally. "Pierce-Arrows."

"All of them?" asked the promoter of the census.

"Yes, all of them."

"Go on, you never have a Pierce-Arrow station wagon."

"Yes, we do have a Pierce-Arrow station wagon." This was perfectly true but his mathematics were a little at fault. The Stinson garages contained fourteen and not twelve Pierce-Arrows.

They turned in unison to the next blue-jerseyed figure.

"How many automobiles do you have, Phil?" they asked.

Phil, the son of a college professor, was embarrassed. "We don't have any car," he said defiantly.

The two interrogators looked at him with suspicion.

"What are you trying to do—high-hat us?" asked one of them severely.

"Sure, he's one of that high-hatting horsey crowd," said the other. Then, being the more logical of the two, he pointed out the flaw in the picture. "But they can't ride their horses in town," he said. "How do you get around in town, Phil?"

Phil was still surprised but realized that for some reason the others were impressed. "Taxi," he said briefly.

The heir to the Pierce-Arrows nodded. "We're thinking about doing that," he said. "My dad says he can make better time by taking the cruiser to the yacht club in the morning anyhow."

THE waiter had brought the canned cherries by this time and I started dishing them out. The lord of the six Cadillacs waved a spoon with an air of contentment.

"Well, I don't care," he said. "We have fun with our six Cadillacs. Maybe Lindbergh is going to stay at our

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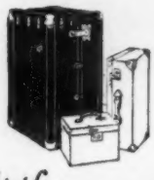

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house the next time he comes out to Long Island."

"He stayed at our house the last time," said the Pierce-Arrows.

"I don't even care about that," said the Cadillacs.

I meditated on this example of idyllic contentment. Contented with his mere six motor cars. Not striving to attain parity with the Pierce-Arrows. Not even any jealousy toward the plutocrat who could afford not to have any cars at all. How happy is youth, I thought as I passed the cherries around. And how much some of us older people could learn from them!

My meditations were rudely interrupted by a loud outcry.

"Hey!" said the Cadillacs. "What's the big idea here? De Witt has fifteen cherries and I only have fourteen."

"Maybe you're wrong—count them again," I said.

He checked his count and found he had been right.

"And this isn't the first time," he said. "It was the same way when we had cherries last week. I was one short last week, too."

I SUPPOSE that theoretically I am sitting on the very top of the social and economic system—because in my duffle-bag is a whole can of cherries and if two young multimillionaires only knew about it they would give anything in the world to be me.

—Edward L. Gordy

•

TOILER'S RETURN
(1980 A. D.)

I fly along the Upper Way
  About the time that night begins,
And watch the city lights prick out
  A pattern of gold-headed pins.

I pass deserted cornices
  Where silence drips like honeycomb;
Down silver searchlight avenues
  My aëroplane is winging home.

I love these moments in the sky,
  When Earth seems but a distant glow;
The engine drones contentedly,
  And vexing cares are left below.

My certain goal is straight ahead.
  I must not miss the children's hour—
They watch for me with telescopes
  In one remote stalagmite tower!

—Persis Greely Anderson

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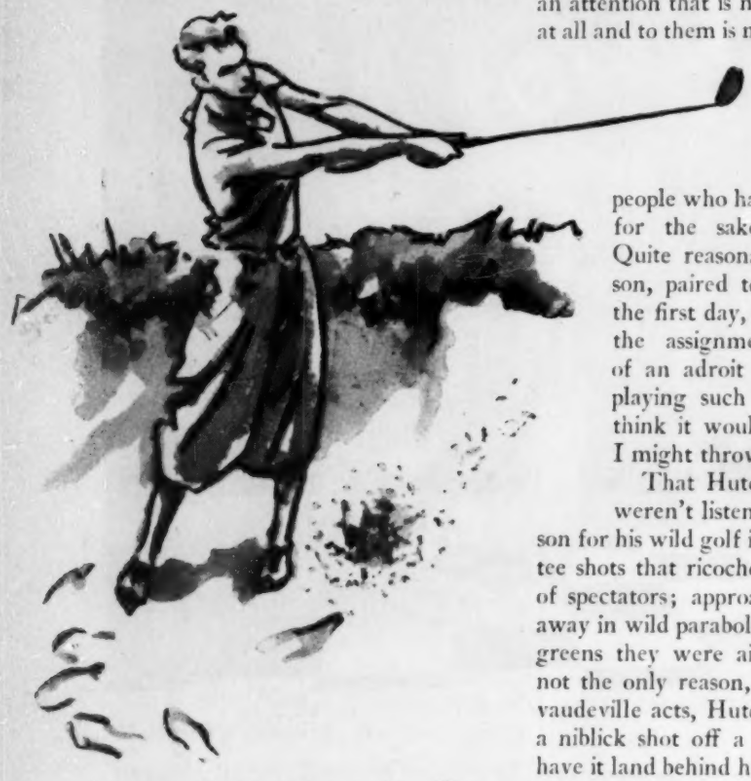
TEE AND GREEN

Jones at Interlachen—The Fate of Playing Partners—Notes on the Field

AN interesting piece could be written about the Open championship. It would tell what Bob Jones was thinking about when he went out to play his third round at Interlachen, the round that won the tournament for him. I don't know who is going to write it. The only statement on the subject I feel capable of making is that Jones was not thinking of winning the tournament with that single round. He was not thinking about catching Horton Smith, who was leading him by two strokes. Somehow in those amazing third rounds that he brings off just when he needs them, and even in the earlier phases of any important tournament, the burden of being a contender doesn't fall on Jones but on his opponents, and particularly on those unfortunate players whom the U.S.G.A. picks to play along with him. The general situation was well summarized by Whiffy Cox, who said before the tournament started: "The pros are laying for him this year, but they're so tense they'll be holding the clubs down around the necks."



ON no one does the fearful job of standing up to Jones fall as heavily as on those two men who are chosen—a question seems to exist whether it is by chance or by a definite and subtly reasoned caprice of the U.S.G.A.—to be his playing partners. Misfortune waits for playing partners on a medal round of any champion, let alone Jones. Galleries will disfurb them when they are putting, rushing across the green to get to the tee and see the champion drive, once he has holed out. At all times the partners will be the centre of an attention that is not meant for them at all and to them is merely an annoying distraction. In a way they have lost their status as contenders, have become merely people who have been sent along for the sake of appearances. Quite reasonably Jock Hutchison, paired to play with Jones the first day, tried to get out of the assignment. He thought of an adroit argument. "I'm playing such bad golf I don't think it would be fair to Bob; I might throw him off."

That Hutchison's arguments weren't listened to was one reason for his wild golf in the early rounds: tee shots that ricochetted off the heads of spectators; approaches that whirled away in wild parabolas to the left of the greens they were aimed at. Perhaps not the only reason, however. In his vaudeville acts, Hutchison used to play a niblick shot off a watch-crystal and have it land behind his back; apparently he can play a shot any way he likes except straight.

In the third round a new playing partner, Joe Turnesa, found what it was to be pacemaker for the greatest golfer in the world at the top of his game. Doggedly Turnesa took 5's and 6's while Jones was making a round that contained six birdies and beat par by four strokes.

THE crowd that screamed itself hoarse under the blazing sunlight at Interlachen that day knew that it was watching a performance as extraordinary as anything that has ever happened in sport. Sixty-eights have been made before, but that one—with Jones crowded by the best competition he has ever faced in his life, tired after a succession of victories in England, starting the day two strokes back of Horton Smith and getting that round exactly when he needed it—created the sort of hysterical admiration that no one could be proof against, whether he knew anything about golf or not. Jones made only three mistakes. Pressing for an eagle 3 at the ninth, he got into a trap and took par 5. He misjudged the wind at the seventeenth and was off line at the eighteenth. The 68 could easily have been a 64.

His fourth round was nothing much—barely enough to let him keep what he had really won already. After losing a ball at the seventeenth he needed the birdie at the eighteenth that made his margin safe. You didn't have to

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hit a ball in the pond to lose it at Interlachen; repeatedly spectators dug a ball out of the rough which would certainly have been lost if the player who hit it had lacked a gallery. That rough has the reputation of being so bad that if you lose a ball and drop another over your shoulder, you lose that one too.

SIDELIGHTS AT INTERLACHEN: Mac Smith winning the $1,000 that went to the best pro score. The title, worthless to Jones financially, would have meant at least $50,000 in contracts to Smith, but for the runner-up it was worth exactly the prize money and no more. . . . John Farrell making a crazy 8 on the first. Someone remarked that Farrell started with two 4's but got both of them on the same hole. . . . Johnny Goodman arriving with a dog tent. . . . A thermometer reading 105 in the shade. . . . George Voigt complaining that his hands were so slippery he couldn't hold a club. . . . Tolley, who lost nine pounds every time he played eighteen holes, and put them on again before the next eighteen, described by a wit as looking at the end of each round like an iceman who had just carried a hundred pounds of ice up five flights of stairs and found the lady on the top floor not at home. . . . Walter Hagen frightening the field by taking a 32 for the first nine holes in practice and then wallowing through four nervy, inconsistent rounds, off line most of the time, with a total of 303. . . . Tommy Armour carrying his modified Schenectady putter and Willie Kidd exhibiting a homemade one in which the shaft is attached to the blade on the side away from the player. . . . The best odds available on Jones before the first round being quoted at 1 to 5. . . . Tolley being given a big hand by Minneapolis crowds. . . . Jones going fishing to rest his nerves. . . . The best single hole of the tournament drawing discreet grunts from the gallery: Horton Smith's eagle 3 on the ninth—a long drive, perfectly placed; then a 220-yard No.-2-iron shot that lined the pin all the way; and finally a masterly ten-foot putt. —N. B., JR.

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UH HUH DEPARTMENT, LITTLE FOLKS' SECTION

[*From the Bronxville Press*]

The stork has been considerably hampered in its usual activity by the illness of Dr. H. R. Charlton. He has been confined to his home on Ellison Avenue for the past few days by an attack of the grippe.

THE RACE TRACK

Quarter-of-a-Million Winner — Questionnaire Answers Flying Heels— Vander Pool Returns

THE class in handicapping will please come to order. Have all of you your red and blue pencils, your speed charts, and split-second watches? Very good. Now which little boy can tell me what fillies were running behind The Beasel to get weight off? No; on second thought, we'll save that one for ourselves. Nobody saw them—and Saratoga is coming. Next week the Honourable George will return from his scouting expedition at the Spa, and if he does not bring back the names of half a dozen two-year-olds to follow at the meeting, I shall be disappointed.

HEIGH HO! Gallant Fox has won again. Monotonous, isn't it? Had I been in the stand at Arlington Park last Saturday, I daresay I should not have thought so. From all accounts —I heard the Classic Stakes over the radio, and thought the broadcasting better than the Kentucky Derby's— William Woodward's colt was extended to the utmost to beat Gallant Knight by a neck in his hardest race of the season. It is quite possible that Gallant Fox trained off a bit. Thoroughbreds are fragile at best and the big bay has been training since early March, and has been wound up to concert pitch most of the time since the end of April. I think he's stood up remarkably well. His owner has that conservative touch of the banker in racing matters, and I'm quite sure he will order him shipped to Saratoga to drink the waters, and rest a bit before the Travers Stakes. Gallant Fox has won $255,090 in his six starts this season—more than gallant old Exterminator earned in his hundred starts, half of which he won—and while the temptation might be to continue the Fox's money-spinning, he deserves a holiday.

EARLY in the Aqueduct meeting, Mr. Vosburgh told me that Questionnaire would be one of the good three-year-olds this season, so I was a bit surprised to see the colt treated so

The Silver King Series on Famous Golf Holes No. 5

"The Road"
at old St. Andrews
as played by George Duncan

"The most difficult hole I know," reports George Duncan, "is the famous and dreaded 17th, or 'Road' hole, at old St. Andrews. The hole is a dog's leg with a lightning fast green, fronted by deep pot bunkers. If you go over on any shot you must play from the public macadam road. Although the distance can sometimes be made in two shots, one regularly has to play short with the second and so take three to get on the very narrow, rectangular green. But I play the hole by taking a big bite off the freight yard (A) with my tee shot. (Any suspicion of 'cut' and you are out of bounds.) If my tee shot comes off, I take a spoon (2) and play straight at the 18th tee (B) instead of playing an iron to the right (C). On the day I had the extraordinary good luck to break the St. Andrews course record my spoon shot reached and stayed on the green and I had a very lucky three."

"The Road"—17th hole, St. Andrews, Scotland. Distance 467 yards, par 5.

George Duncan plays the

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liberally in the weights for the Mt. Vernon Handicap, in which he received six pounds from Flying Heels. Questionnaire was bred by James Butler on his farm at East View, so Empire City is home ground to him.

Robertson took the opposition by surprise in the Mt. Vernon by sending Questionnaire through on the rails and to the front in the first quarter. For half a mile Kelsay remained quite comfortable on Flying Heels. In the straight, Robertson brought out his whip and Questionnaire gained that extra little bit that is the difference between winning and losing. Both are game colts and ran splendid races. I shall look forward to their meeting in the Empire City Derby.

VANDER POOL came back to the races last week and won two more purses, one the Whirl Stakes, running his string up to nine. I'm told the colt's name would have been Vander Poel had someone not struck the wrong key on the typewriter or something. Still he seems to be doing quite well without the Knickerbocker surname. His owner, Mrs. M. P. Allen, now races under the *nom de course* of the Tennessee Stable. Vander Pool gave fourteen pounds to his field but it needed all the strength of his rider to get him up to beat Repentance by a nose. He is the sort of colt of whom one predicts: "Oh, they'll beat him next time," and they never do. We shall see at Saratoga.

IT seems to me that it would be more interesting and instructive if stables were to return to the old custom of sending the favored member of any entry out in first colors. William Ziegler, Jr., did it with Ilium, the colt by Buchan, who cost him $25,600 as a yearling, and then Phantom Star won

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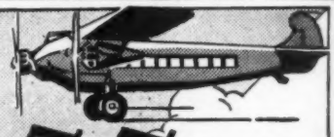

55 MINUTES TO ATLANTIC CITY

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FELTMANS
Coney Island

the race, beating the Greentree Stable's Twenty Grand, who has grown considerably since I saw him at Jamaica two months ago.

THE MORNING LINE: The high players who settle in cash have bodyguards these days. . . . Henry McDaniel has a new assistant, Gifford Cochran, who is training Xenofol at Saratoga and reports by telephone every morning. . . . James Butler is the only Irishman racing in this country who has no green in his racing colors. . . . Al Jolson always bets on Ruby Keller, if her trainer likes her. . . . Henry McDaniel can whistle louder through his fingers than any man on the racetrack. . . . Lester Doctor is getting his stable of white flannels and fancy vests ready for Saratoga without Twenty Grand. . . . Antipodes, the dam of The Beasel, is only six years old but has four foals. . . . If you're going to drive fast on Central Avenue, to or from the races, look out for a blue Ford coupé with a patch of tarpaulin tacked on the side. Those patches hide the words "Yonkers Police Department," and I'm told the cops are better pickers of men than of horses.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

SONG

[TO BE STRUMMED ON A LUTE]

You,
Who feel that Love has grown
A too solemn fellow,
Have forgotten,
Or not known,
Love
When he is mellow.

Come along!
And see him dine,
All who would be merry.
Learn,
With him,
To press sweet wine
From a bitter berry!

—MILDRED WESTON

•

Question—Mullan, Idaho.—Why does my canary bird (male, beautiful singer) eat paper from the bottom of his cage? He also pulls all the feathers from off his legs and has them quite bare and sore up into his body. Answer—He wants to mate. Take out the paper, put sand in the cage, and get him a mate.—*Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman Review.*

Better get him a little pair of pants first.

3 MORE HOURS AWAY FROM THE KITCHEN

Cooked, ready to serve cold; or bake in only 20 minutes. Also delicious when fried, creamed, fricasseed, or in salads or sandwiches.

ENJOY a full afternoon with your friends and still have plenty of time to prepare a delicious baked chicken dinner for the family.

KINGAN'S CHICKEN-IN-GLASS comes to you READY-COOKED—a whole, milk-fed chicken of the fanciest quality, stuffed with spicy dressing. It has been skillfully vacuum-cooked in its glistening glass container. Open and serve as a cold meat dish, or serve steaming-hot after heating it twenty minutes in hot oven . . . Order from any leading food dealer. Five convenient sizes. Have a season's supply at your summer cottage.

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Any time

is coffee time

with the

"coffee that lets you sleep"

COFFEE at breakfast—at lunch—at dinner—even at midnight suppers! Now you can have coffee whenever you want it without losing a wink of sleep.

No more cheerless, coffee-less dinners. No more tossing in bed. Here's all of coffee's deliciousness with none of coffee's harm. Just drink Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee—"the coffee that lets you sleep."

What a wonderful blend of coffee this is! Made of the world's choicest coffee beans with 97% of the caffeine—the harmful drug that keeps you awake—removed by a special process. Kaffee Hag Coffee cannot affect your nerves or interfere with sleep. Yet, you can't detect a difference in its taste, its fragrance, or its cheer.

Kaffee Hag Coffee is delicious. Kellogg has marvelously improved the blend.

Try it soon. Buy a pound at your grocer's—fresh in its vacuum tin.

Kellogg's

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

THE PRICE IS NOW MATERIALLY REDUCED

SOMETHING FOR WHICH TO DRIVE

"WELL, where you goin'—White Mountains or Maine?"

"Placid. Where you?"

"Bar Harbor."

"I don't like Bar Harbor."

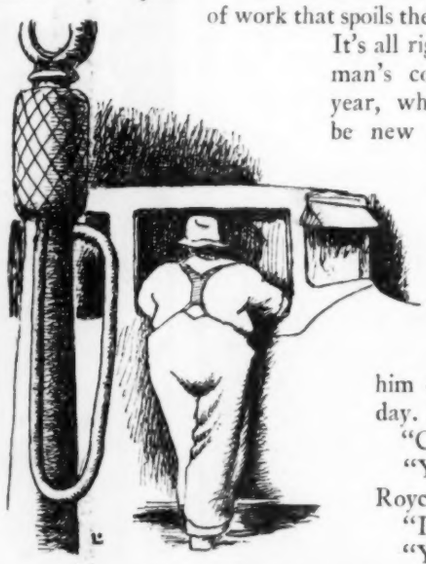
"Me, too. I was hopin' to go back to the Catskills. Nice layout there. Swell farmhouse a couple miles away what put up my missus and the kids for forty a week. And my room without meals costin' the boss ten dollars a day!"

"And I bet you didn't feel at home in your room, at that."

"No, it was the cheapest in the hotel. The only thing I liked about the hotel was the garage manager was a friend of mine. He give me a nice little commission. Plenty of places you can't earn a commission on vacation."

"That's right. And, listen, Joe, I'm gonna put up our cars up at a different garage when we come back. You know I been givin' this guy in Fiftieth Street a break. That town car of the boss' wife's got everything in it but Amos 'n' Andy. And him slippin' me only ten dollars a month when the bill is always four hundred or better. That's larceny. The Emperor Garage in Fifty-third Street will give me six per cent if I swing enough business on the month. That's more legitimate."

"Six per centage! That is more like legitimate. When it comes right down to it, my garage hasn't been playin' with me the right way. I guess the manager figures because he throws a swell banquet and smoker once a year he can get away with anything. If the Emperor is good for six per centage a month I'm gonna recommend it to my boss. Say, if we both went up to the Emperor and told them the two of us can swing anywheres from eight hundred to twelve hundred on the month, he might do better than six per centage. You know, a wholesale rate?"



"That's a good idea, Joe. We'll put it up to him both together, in a strictly legitimate way. Say, there's more unlegitimate stuff being pulled among some of these new chauffeurs . . .!"

"Yeah?"

"I don't mind takin' a legitimate cut from the garage. That's part of the business, and the bosses got to expect it. But I heard something yesterday that was plenty raw."

"How's that, Drisc?"

"You know Thompson, what I got the job drivin' for the Drakes?"

"I seen him a couple times—why?"

"Last week, he found out a certain guy was lookin' for a sports roadster, and was willin' to pay four hundred on the line."

"Yeah."

"Well, Virginia Drake had a brand-new roadster—not brand-new, but only run about five or six thousand. She don't even know a car has wheels, so Thompson takes her downtown to do some shoppin', and puts up a terrible squawk about the motor. He says to her: 'It's a piece of junk, and ready to fall apart. Not safe to drive.' She gets ashamed and tells him to unload it quick for whatever he can, and order her a new one."

"Yeah."

"So he does, for four hundred. Then he puts a hundred and fifty in his pocket, and tells Virginia Drake how lucky he was to get two hundred and fifty on such a quick forced sale."

"Pretty raw, that."

"Yeah, but that's not all. Then he dickers with a different salesman till he gets two hundred commission for just decidin' Virginia wants a new Fearless instead of an imported."

"That's too raw. That's the kind of work that spoils the legitimate takin's. It's all right to take a salesman's commission once a year, when there's got to be new cars bought, but Thompson's too raw."

"Seen Freddie?"

"Funny, you askin' me that. I was just gonna tell you I seen him day before yesterday. He's cleanin' up."

"Cleanin' up, is he?"

"Yeah. Drivin' Irene Royce, the actress."

"Irene Royce?"

"Yeah. And he's cleanin' up quick. His garage bill is bigger than a bus line's, and he gets fifteen per cent. A lot of the stuff he buys never leaves the garage."

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Jellied Bouillon

Made the TOREX way has the full, rich, fresh beef flavor.

6 teaspoons Torex . . 2 cups boiling water . . Juice of half a lemon . . 1½ tablespoons gelatine . . Dash of pepper

Soak gelatine in ½ cup cold water. Dissolve Torex in boiling water. Add lemon juice, pepper and softened gelatine. Dissolve gelatine, strain and set to a jelly in the refrigerator.

In the big red tube 25¢

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Adelaide J. Pendergast Real Estate
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"Does he like the job?"

"No. You know how it is, drivin' for her. He's liable to get the air any day. She never takes her drivers to Europe along with her, and she's always goin' across. He's liable to be drivin' a taxi, any day. Well, I got to get down to Wall Street. See you before you leave."

"Yeah, and don't forget, we're goin' up to the Emperor before we leave. So long, and easy ridin'."

"So long, and an easy ride to you, too, Drisc." —JOHN FORBES

•

PARIS EVENING

Rain on the awnings, flying feet within,
High blue-black trees, dim taxis flashing fast,
And on the gaily tragic violin
Quick "Madelon" remembering a brave past;

This is the table you would have leaned over,
And smiled with me, touching my hand again,
To watch the waiters scurrying to cover,
Snatching the plates to shelter from the rain;

This the dark statue rising past the willows
You would have turned to and have loved with me,
And wondered if the girl in blue lace billows
Was her bland Frenchman's niece or *belle amie;*

This is the night we dreamed of once together . . .
But since you couldn't manage France this year
The man across the table's in fine feather,
And after all does quite as well, my dear!

—MARGARET WIDDEMER

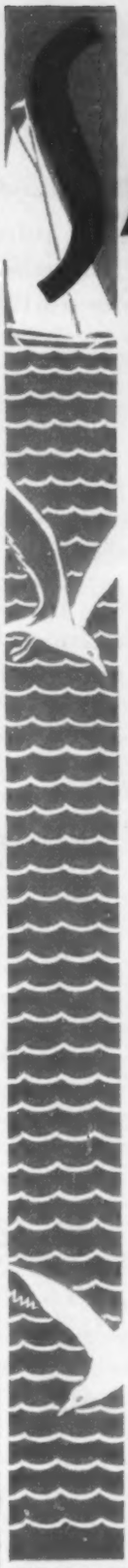
•

An Alsatian puppy with the ambitions of an ostrich has been saved from the consequences of his appetite at the Royal Veterinary College in London. From his stomach were recovered 67 nails of various sizes, two screws, three bolts with nuts, 16 brads, one stud, a piece of steel drill, and a lump of coal, the whole weighing 15 ounces.

* * * *

Many persons go ahead before they are sure they are right.—*Pelham (N.Y.) Sun.*

And never know where to stop, either.



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SALE
of MEN'S
SHOES

THERE'S "easy sailing" for your feet in these smart, comfortable shoes . . . every pair bearing the label of French, Shriner & Urner workmanship . . . styles you'll enjoy wearing this Summer and Fall.

THERE'S easy sailing for your pocketbook, too, in the attractive reductions in price . . .

WE suggest that you drop in at one of the French, Shriner & Urner shops listed below for a comfortable fitting . . . while there's an ample choice of styles and sizes.

FRENCH, SHRINER & URNER
America's Finest Shoes for Men

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153 Broadway
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for divers reason

get in the swim and join those sage new yorkers who weekly seek their cinematic pearls at

the rivoli—united artists

where there's pathe's "holiday", and anybody else's who lamps and listens to ann harding, mary astor and robert ames speaking phillip barry from the screen

the rialto

where are the two black crows in "anybody's war". moran and mack making the big war look like a foul ball

the paramounts

where there's william powell in "for the defense"—paramount stands at the bar and gets a big shot with a kick. the crawfords at their organs in new york

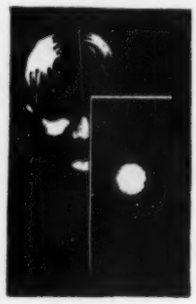
luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The War According to Hollywood

IN the recent movies the war is much in evidence. There is also an indication, I think, that the mighty minds of those high in the movie world have been stirred, not at all by the reflection of what happened in France some ten years ago, but by the receipts pouring in from "Journey's End" and "All Quiet." It happens to be a season when cash is a pleasant thing to have, and one can hardly blame them for their intentions. It is not so easy to be affable about the consequences of their reasoning.



"The Dawn Patrol," at the Winter Garden, is the most ambitious of their offerings. At any rate it is the longest. It's about a gallant and cheerful corps of fliers, a lot of handsome movie boys, who sing and make merry together and strive in friendly rivalry for the honor of the most dangerous tasks. Mr. Barthelmess is their leader and their captain in the great crisis, and in a spirit of friendship he plies his younger friend with drink and then takes his place in the flight which is certain death. Somehow I doubt if in that manner the war was fought. Some sensational flying scenes are the high points of the picture, but they are too theatrical to be moving, the great exploit at the end in fact showing such a destruction of cities from this single plane as would have left Germany a waste forever instead of the scene of exasperating prosperity it now is. The futility of war is hinted at as the theme. The two major war pictures of the season have proved Futility to be acceptable to the public now.

Gary Cooper's picture, "A Man from Wyoming," is a type of war treatise which turns up every now and then on the screen and is therefore perhaps worthy of a moment's notation. This is the story about the beautiful and wealthy young girl who manages to get to the front lines and there in some convenient shell hole becomes engaged to be married. In this case, to be sure, things are even carried a bit further, and in a cessation of shell fire the handsome captain finds someone to marry them. One sees the young woman, with her overnight haversack and a raincoat over her arm, lest a shower come up on the front, tripping nimbly along. "Oh, the stupid little rules and conventions!" she says. "They belong to a different world." Or, again, commenting on the advantages of the trenches as her gallant captain takes her in his arms after the briefest acquaintance: "Back in that stuffy old world we used to live in, it would have taken us months to get this far." A few dilemmas face the enterprising bride but even these are solved by the opportune arrival of the armistice. It is time, we might add, that Gary Cooper was allowed a good picture. I might also add that very possibly the burlesque antics of Moran and Mack in "Anybody's War," at the Rialto, approach verity more nearly than the behavior of the heroes and heroines of the other pictures. Their humor to be sure in this case is spread a little thin, at least for one who is not a great devotee of their special brand.

NOT all the new pictures are of the war, however. "Let Us Be Gay" may be seen with pleasure for its first five minutes of Norma Shearer as the bustling, selfimportant housewife, and then for Marie Dressler as the Long Island dowager. This is supposed to be high comedy of marriage and divorce among the fashionables, but the high comedy flops sadly with such lines as "It's fatal to marry the man you love," a line meant to indicate worldly wit. Miss Shearer, as I say, is perfect in her comedy-housewife rôle, but later (after a three-years' lapse) when she turns up again as the "woman of the world," divorced, and also cured of the eye trouble which had in that earlier phase compelled her to wear spectacles, she is beautiful but of extraordinarily silly behavior, for which I suppose she is not so much to be blamed as her director.

THE underworld offering of the week is Alice White's "Sweet Mamma," a trivial affair with the usual night clubs. The upperclass-crook melodrama is "Lawful Larceny," with Lowell Sherman, whom I should like to see for once in something really good. The educational picture is Antarctica again, "The Bottom of the World," with the usual penguins, and also some rather good shots of whale-fishing.

—J. C. M.

LYSISTRATA
The Comedy hit you hear about!
with
VIOLET KEMBLE COOPER, ERNEST TRUEX
MIRIAM HOPKINS, SYDNEY GREENSTREET
HORTENSE ALDEN, ERIC DRESSLER
44th ST. THEATRE West of Broadway
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

MANSFIELD THEA., W. 47th St. Evs. 8:30 Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30
THE
GREEN PASTURES
PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
"The Divine comedy of the theatre"—*Times*

The LAST MILE
Herman Shumlin Presents
"Amazingly successful play"—*Sun*
22nd WEEK
SAM H. HARRIS
THEA. 42nd St. W. of B'way
EVS. 8:40 MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:40

The Theatre Guild Presents
THE NEW
GARRICK GAIETIES
GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St. W. of B'way.
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

GEORGE WHITE'S APOLLO THEA., W. 42 St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
GEORGE WHITE'S
ACE OF MUSICAL COMEDIES
FLYING HIGH
With BERT LAHR — OSCAR SHAW
SONGS BY DE SYLVA-BROWN & HENDERSON

11th MONTH
Brock Pemberton Presents
Strictly Dishonorable
Comedy Hit by Preston Sturges
Staged by Antoinette Perry & Mr. Pemberton
This attraction never at cut rates
AVON THEATRE, 45 St. W. of B'way.
Evs. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30
THEATRE COOLED BY ICED AIR

"Finest War Picture."—Telegram
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
A Universal Picture. Presented by Carl Laemmle
CENTRAL B'way & 47th St.
Daily 2:45—8:45
3 times Saturday and Sunday. 2:45—5:45—8:45

MAJESTIC THEA. 44th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
PHIL BAKER — AILEEN STANLEY — SHAW & LEE
in
ARTISTS AND MODELS
George Hassell Vera Pearce Mary Adams
Theatre cooled to 70°

EARL CARROLL
8th Edition VANITIES All New
68 Glittering Scenes—1000 Laughs
HERB WILLIAMS—JIMMY SAVO—JACK BENNY
30 other featured players and the
Most Beautiful Girls in the World
PRICES: Evs. $1 to $6—Mats. $1 to $3.50
& Tax. 462 Good Seats at $1.00
NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, W. 42 ST.
Evenings & Mats. Wed. & Sat.

STORIES OF TODAY

BLUNT

President H. Y. Benedict
Of the University of Texas
Gave an unconventional
Commencement address
To six hundred graduates.

Only two hundred of them
Would be of service
To the world, he told them,
While another two hundred
Would be harmless nobodies,
And the final two hundred
Would "go to the devil."

SUCCESS

The Keeley Institute
In Dwight, Illinois,
Reports that prohibition
Is a tremendous success.

Three new buildings
Are being erected
In order to handle
The increased business.

ABOUT FACE

The progressive little city
Of Kingston, New York,
Spiritedly lobbied
To have a new navy cruiser
Christened Kingston.

But when the city council
Found it would cost them
Twenty-five thousand dollars
For the traditional rites
That go with a launching,
They withdrew their request
With marked celerity.

FRANKNESS

Loo Sing,
Chinese newsdealer
In New York City,
Now divides his papers
Into two stacks.

The Chinese papers
Form an "honor" pile;
The English papers
He dispenses personally.

JINX-SHY

Nate C. Faulkner,
Convicted of robbery
In Springfield, Missouri,
Received a sentence
Of thirteen years.

He pleaded with the judge
To raise it to fourteen,
To ward off bad luck.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

"Why the dyspeptic glower, little boy?"

"Life's a juggernaut. My dear, it's got so mazy that I don't know where the next theatre ticket's coming from . . ."

"Don't be d*elirious!* Did you ever hear of Bascom? One stop and you *have 'em.*"

Branches at 1511 Broadway, The Biltmore, Plaza, Savoy-Plaza, Belmont, Vanderbilt, Commodore, Astor and St. Regis

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BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

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BROADWAY AND 46th ST.
ANY SEAT 25¢ ANY TIME
Continuous 10 A.M. to MIDNITE
PRESENTING AN ALL SOUND NEWSREEL PROGRAM
Complete change of program weekly
Midnight Show every Saturday

LEXINGTON
LOEW'S
July 19, 20, 21, RUTH CHATTERTON in "A Lady of Scandal;" July 22 & 23 "WEDDING RINGS" with H. B. WARNER; July 24 and 25 "WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE."
51st ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

SUMMER FOIBLES

A CERTAIN lethargy settles over the shops at this time of year—a sort of suspended animation while all the buyers and the bosses are leaping for Europe to look over the ground, and the envious toilers left behind are grouchily marking down those antiquated models of two months ago. But new things do crop up even now, just to keep the ball rolling and your pocketbook deflated.

Jay-Thorpe, for instance, have a few advance millinery models to keep your head in the clouds. There is one from Patou—a little draped turban of white felt, with black or brown astrakhan making an inverted V up the back and forming the top of the drapery over one ear and the under part on the other side. Very chic if it is not taken up too extensively by the wrong people. Patou also does a floppy beige soleil hat, with the band and a froufrou of guinea-hen feathers at the side. Christiane presents a felt hat, very long on one side and short and tight on the head on the other, with a three-tone band starting back over one eyebrow as the decoration. This band can be in linen, like the model, or in velvet. I had particular fun with a sort of Joan Sawyer 1914 type of hat (maybe I'm wrong about the year) that cropped up twice on the premises. One was a velvet turban, terribly wide and flaring at one side, and draped fairly close to the head on the other. The second was a toque of heavy felt or velvet with a huge tab coming way forward on one cheek; there is another tab at the opposite side higher up. They have a rakish-tilt effect. I half expected to see a pompadour peeking out.

There seems to be a tendency (I have seen so few of the new hats I can't tell how widespread it is) toward draped tilted hats going back from the face with the width occurring farther back and higher up than before—well up over the ear. Lemonnier's felt hat, all tiny tucks whipped with white thread, is a good illustration of this. Lély suggests it in a tiny black satin turban. Alphonsine, devoted to that rubber-tire double felt brim, manages to drape it to give almost the effect of a bandeau hat.

There are lots of those simple felt hats with width over the ears, achieved in various ingenious ways, that are so wearable and so impossible to describe. Reboux, as usual, does them beautifully. And the tricorne is represented very well by André, in felt. This has the tiniest suggestion of a point in front, a wide and high one at one side, and a modest low one at the other.

SINCE there must be a great many people who have not yet had their first severe sunburn of the summer, it is not too late to record my delayed discovery of Rose Laird's special sunburn oil. You know how it is—you stay recklessly out in the sun, and know not that you have had too much of it until you emerge from the salt water with that ominous red tinge above the knees and on the shoulders. This lotion, which is applied after exposure, has an anesthetic quality which numbs the skin a little and eases the ache for several hours, while the oil gets in its work of healing. If you apply two or three coats fifteen minutes apart, you can sleep comfortably through the night. The formula is open to the critical inspection of the medical profession.

ANGELA VARONA, the beauty specialist at 660 Madison Avenue, has two particularly ingratiating claims on your attention. In the first place, she has a roof-terrace flung around her salon, on which you may have your manicure while the breezy breezes blow. In the second place, she cries out loudly against the habit of applying creamy goo all over the face before going to bed at night. Her theory is based on her discovery that the skin absorbs all the nourishment it needs for several hours in a few minutes. She therefore recommends using skin food while taking the bath, when the pores are relaxed, and removing it when you put

"Perfect."

An Impression

OF COOL PERFECTION IN SUMMER CLOTHES

Hal Phyfe

Wool lace frocks for country wear . . . trailing dinner and evening gowns of flowered chiffons or laces . . . chiffon ensembles with new long coats . . . well-chosen accessories . . . indeed, the complete midsummer wardrobe may be selected at Bergdorf Goodman in cool rooms overlooking the park.

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NEW YORK

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Easily accessible:
Maintained in the modern manner—under the personal supervision which only an owner can bestow

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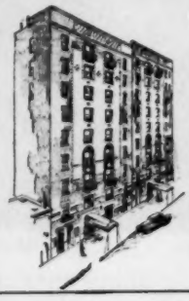
Overlooking Central Park
4 & 6 ROOMS
2 & 3 baths
Permanent Light Protection

435 E. 57th ST.
SUTTON PLACE
3-4-5 ROOMS
Permanent Light Protection

138-144 E. 36th ST.
MURRAY HILL
3-4-5-6 ROOMS
Short walk to Chanin, Chrysler, Lincoln Bldgs.



39-41 W. 55th ST.
Bet. 5th and 6th Avenues
3-4-5 ROOMS
Extra Large Rooms Exceptionally Convenient

VERY ATTRACTIVE RENTALS
Apply supt. on premises—or
M. M. DRYFOOS
424 Madison Av., N. Y. Wickersham 9170

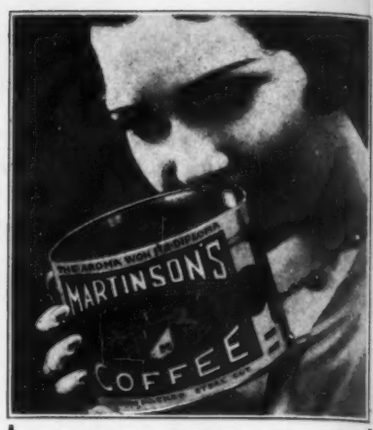
on your makeup. At night, the skin is to be thoroughly cleansed and then left alone, so that the pores may breathe and become refreshed.

The treatment here is a particularly pleasant and soothing one. You stretch out full length on a chaise-longue and let your mind rove whither it will, while they manipulate you. I would suggest a facial before you decide which of her preparations to pounce on, so that she can tell you exactly which ones you need.

I DON'T know whether any of you gentle readers have the stern character required to haul out a needle and thread and take a quick stitch in that run in your stocking that has definitely begun a procession downward but doesn't show quite yet. I am of the type that hopes, fondly, that the run will just go away of its own accord if it is ignored. Anyway, by asking nicely at Stern or Wanamaker and clutching a quarter tight, tight, tight in your chubby fist until it is demanded of you, you can buy a purse-size flacon of RuNoMor. You put one drop below the run and stop its progress forever and ever. It stands in the path of your run even after washing.

IN order that the inhabitant of a twin bed need not make that excruciating effort of reaching out to turn the clock around and observe the time, Ovington is out with a labor-saving double-faced clock from Switzerland. It is four and a half inches in diameter, set in an onyx base, and has a chromium-plated rim. Price, $100.

AT Franklin Simon, there are some handsome gloves, called Koola, for the dainty motorist. These are of goatskin, with rows and rows and *rows*



TRY THE "AROMA TEST"

1. Open a can or package of any coffee —Inhale the aroma.
2. Open a can of Martinson's Coffee— Inhale *that* aroma!

That's the way to tell coffee. Aroma is a definite indicator of coffee flavor. Smell Martinson's and you'll *know* how good it tastes.

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THE NEW YORKER in St. Louis

You can reach him at The Hotel Coronado
SAINT LOUIS
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HONEY-MAID CHOCOLATES
A Real Candy Inspiration
HONEY-MAID PURE HONEY CANDIES
These Delicious, Less-Fattening Sweets Are Now Offered At All Leading Dealers!

of perforations all over them. The idea is that the balmy breezes whistle through your glove when you put your hand out to turn a corner, and this is, as a matter of fact, true. What is more, they are of goatskin, are the simple, one-button type, and look dandy with sports clothes. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Linens by Goupy—The Comic Strip in the Home —On Horticulture

SOME of the very smartest summer table linens in town are at Saks-Fifth Avenue this minute. You can see them in the handkerchief department, which is especially proud of a large cloth in heavy pink linen, embroidered here and there with large conventional posies in silver thread. It is not really flamboyant, although I don't doubt you will find that hard to believe until you see the piece itself. Goupy did it—the same Goupy known to you all as a couturier. Of course it's for fanciful luncheons with things in aspic. It would look pretty silly set out with lamb chops.

Other couturier creations appear in the group, some for luncheon and some for tea, with a sprinkling of cocktail napkins. The cocktail napkins are done in the best nursery tradition, being all cut out of pastel-colored linens in the form of cocks, polar bears, and such, with faces, muscles, and other lifelike features worked in embroidery and appliqué. The idea behind all this, the store delicately suggests, is to help a hostess keep her sets intact. Nobody, they feel, is going to get so absent-minded as to walk off from a party mopping his brow with a pale-green polar bear.

The tea things are sheer and lacy; the luncheon cloths run to linens in deep colors, with touches of very plain embroidery at corners or around the hem. One big square cloth in white organdie has appliqué figures in beige —flitting swallows, large round dots, and the like, just sprinkled around anywhere. The accompanying napkins are of a medium size, usable for tea or luncheon—a good practical note.

With the whole group laid out before me, colors glowing and embroidery swirling, what did I do but fall for

SPORTSWEAR

TO THE SUBJECT OF SPORTING APPAREL, FINCHLEY BRINGS A MOST EXCEPTIONAL DEGREE OF FAMILIARITY, AND IN THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE FIN-DUDDY OUTFIT, PARTICULAR CARE HAS BEEN TAKEN TO HAVE IT COMFORTABLE IN FEEL AND ATTRACTIVE IN FABRIC. HIGHLY RECOMMENDED FOR SATISFACTORY SERVICE.

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SIXTY-FIVE DOLLARS AND MORE

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THE HAMPTON BAYS SHOP OF FINCHLEY IS NOW OPEN

HENRY A. ROST President

IDEALLY located on Fifth Avenue, at the entrance to Central Park, The Plaza and Savoy-Plaza offer the highest standards of hospitality ... everything to make your visit an enjoyable one.

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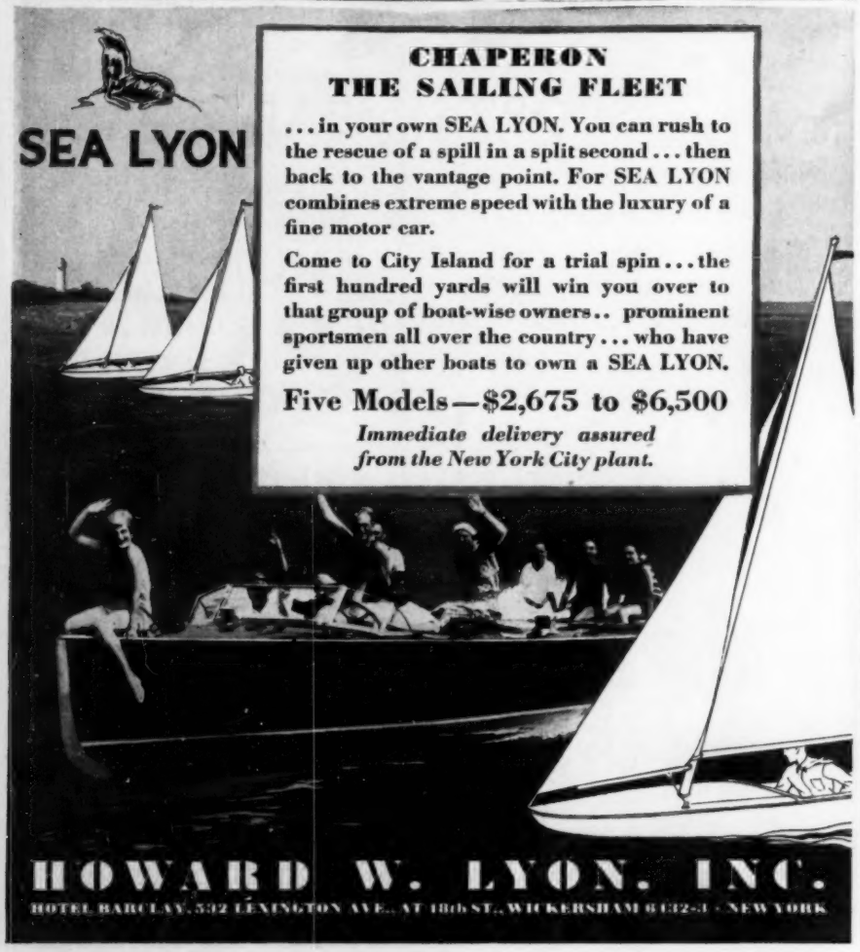
The PLAZA New York



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THE SAILING FLEET

... in your own SEA LYON. You can rush to the rescue of a spill in a split second ... then back to the vantage point. For SEA LYON combines extreme speed with the luxury of a fine motor car.

Come to City Island for a trial spin ... the first hundred yards will win you over to that group of boat-wise owners .. prominent sportsmen all over the country ... who have given up other boats to own a SEA LYON.

Five Models—$2,675 to $6,500

Immediate delivery assured from the New York City plant.

HOWARD W. LYON, INC.

HOTEL BARCLAY, 532 LEXINGTON AVE., AT 48th ST., WICKERSHAM 8-6232-3 - NEW YORK

a tea cloth of white handkerchief linen with a border of drawn-work and appliqué, Grecian effect. It all goes to show that I am a simple soul—or else that you can do with just so much colored linen and no more, before going back inevitably to white.

STERN has now brought out a lot of summer decorating fabrics done in foolish patterns, most of them telling a continuous story. The hand-blocked linens are best. They have Uncle Tom's Cabin—with Little Eva, Simon Legree, and Eliza, in brown on a natural linen ground; Moby Dick—all over great white whales and icebergs in a deep blue sea; Derby Day—a black-and-white toile effect, very British and horsey; Skating in Central Park—the gay nineties treated in the slapstick manner, like a comic strip, in green and white; After Dark—inspired by scenes from the late Hoboken melodrama. As a group, they are an elegant afternoon's entertainment; individually, you could do some amusing rooms with them, using the print in combination with plain-colored linens. In a white-walled room, for example, the blue-and-white Moby Dick pattern with bright red linen for over-curtains, slip-covers, and pillows, and white marquisette for sash-curtains. Or for a very cool room, the skating pattern (green and white) with plain green linen and white marquisette.

They have carried out the same every-picture-tells-a-story idea in the china department, where you can buy modern service plates covered all over with a design showing views of New York—mostly sky line. In black and white, brown and white, and I think other colors. Cool and informal.

SAKURA, the Japanese novelty-plant man at 4 West Fiftieth Street, has some of the healthiest-looking Chinese evergreens in town, in case you are looking for new greenery effects. The

individual stalks are fifty cents, which is something of a standard price around town; but each stalk here is likely to have three leaves growing from it in the close, short-necked manner all evergreen-fanciers sigh for. Besides this, the shop is full of Japanese gardens and little pots set out with weird plants growing in pebbles. They are all very easy to care for, and a lot more tastefully arranged than most. Prices run upward from as little as fifty cents, the variety at $2 and $4 being wide and handsome.

Horticultural note: One way to kill off a bowl of Chinese evergreen, they will tell you at Sakura, is to stand it in a sunny window. The silhouette may be very fetching against the light, particularly if the stalks are set in a clear glass bowl; but the ultimate results are likely to be sad unless you pick a window that doesn't get the sun. Of course the common belief is that things are the other way around—and that, you may be sure, is one good reason the evergreen business flourishes.

PISCATORIAL NOTE: Lewis & Conger furnish an aquarium-advice bulletin for which the fish-loving public is encouraged to apply. People who own fish always seem to be going around worrying about them. The bulletin ought to be a great help.

TWO new aids for the summer storage closet:

(1) Hatform—a hatstand with a tension spring which causes it to conform to the shape of the hat, without stretching it. Comes with dustproof cover to go over the hat. At Hammacher Schlemmer, Stern, Altman, etc.

(2) Staybrite—a white tissue paper to put around silver when storing it at home for the summer. Prevents tarnish—which makes it also a nice practical thing to wrap around those metal-brocade evening slippers you are hopefully holding over until next season. At Lewis & Conger, Sixth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street. —B. B.

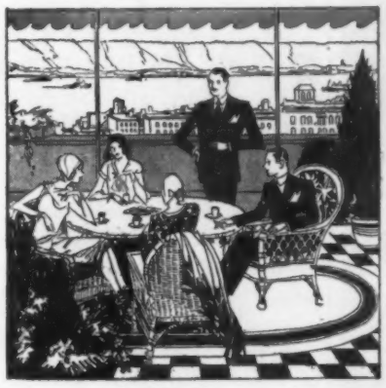
AS TO MEN

Suits for Summer—An Optimo Panama — For Amateur Cameramen

MOST men complain about their uncomfortable clothes in the summer but, aside from removing their waistcoats, few do anything to remedy their hard lot. A solid businessman

The PENTHOUSE at London Terrace...

a country home on the city skyline with spacious terraces all around



YOUR own residence high above Manhattan, flooded with air and sunshine and set in the center of a great private roof terrace 110 feet long and 50 feet wide. Here you can have gardens, play spaces for the children, places for tea tables and the reception of guests, your own private elevator on occasions when you entertain. ▲ Each of the suites consists of foyer, oversize living room with four large windows and wood-burning fireplace, a 25-foot loggia, two chambers, luxurious baths, fully equipped kitchen, and maid's room and bath. ▲ The unusual service features of London Terrace are yours to command and you will enjoy particularly the well-equipped gymnasium, the splendid swimming pool, the superior restaurant with private dining rooms, the smart shops of every description. London Terrace is the apartment sensation of New York and of its captivating homes, the penthouses are the most gorgeous.

Charming views include a panorama of the beautiful London Terrace Gardens, sixteen stories below.

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In Old Chelsea

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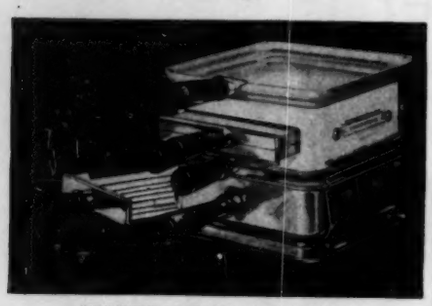
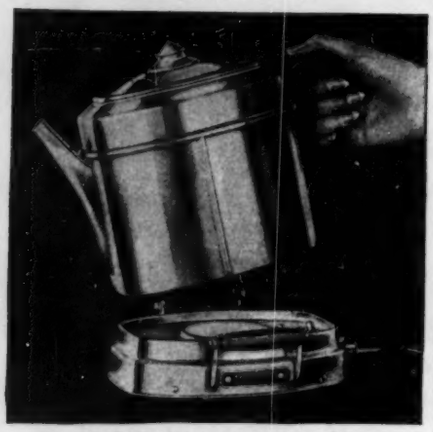


ARMSTRONG TABLE STOVE
Delightful informal supper cooked right at the table. Here is a grill, hot plate and toaster in one unit that cooks three things at once. Price $8.85. (Waffle Mold, $3.00 extra.)



ARMSTRONG AUTOMATIC PERCOLATOR
The only Percolator that makes perfect drip coffee without watching. When coffee is brewed, percolator turns itself off: result, perfect drip coffee. Price $14.75.

ARMSTRONG PERC-O-TOASTER
Right at your elbow it prepares entire breakfast. Lift off Percolator, and appliance is ready to cook eggs, bacon, etc. Remove toast drawer, insert waffle mold for hot waffles. Price $11.85. (Waffle Mold, $3.00 extra.)
Sold by leading stores everywhere or shipped postage prepaid in U. S. A. upon receipt of price.

ARMSTRONG Elec. & Mfg. Corp.
Huntington, West Virginia

Armstrong
SINCE 1899

must retain his dignity and his coat, no matter what the thermometer reads.

De Pinna has taken this question of masculine comfort seriously, and has achieved some good results. Realizing that white linen suits are too conspicuous and too easily soiled to be entirely satisfactory in town, this shop has gathered together an amazing assortment of cotton and linen fabrics that are moderately dark in color. The collection includes linens that resemble homespuns; silk-and-wool combinations that are woven in patterns similar to those of hard-finished worsteds; and cottons in checks and stripes. There is, for instance, a cotton galatea that is smooth and firm, with small white stripes on a navy-blue background, and it has enough body to permit proper tailoring. A suit made of it could be worn for several days if you had it pressed each time you took it off. Then you could send it to the laundry. The color is fast, and galatea, being cotton, won't shrink as linen does. At De Pinna they suggest that you have the suit sent back from the laundry unpressed, and have your valet or your tailor bring it back into shape.

Suits made to your measure from this material cost $50, and those made of silk-and-linen mixtures cost about $70.

There are also some white linen suits, all ready to wear, that fit much better than you ever expected a linen suit would. These have all the details of a well-made lounge suit, including moderately broad shoulders (not padded, naturally), slightly fitted waists, and tapering sleeves. The linen was shrunk before it was cut, and fullness has been allowed at strategic points to take care of any additional shrinkage. The price is a mere $30.

A PANAMA is the hat to wear with these suits, I should think. Not that you can convince me that a panama, with its tight leather band, is very much cooler than a felt—it merely looks cooler. If you buy one, however, avoid the trick shapes and stick to the traditional optimo, with its round crown creased down the centre, its narrow band, and rolling brim.

Knox panamas vary in price from an imitation one at $10 to a magnificent affair at $500. The ten-dollar one is rather coarse, and the other is so fine that you can hardly see the weave. A really good one costs about $50, but with proper treatment it will last for years. It should not be kicked around, or folded more often than

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FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET
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Now Being Made

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for Ocean Travelers
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SHAGREEN PRODUCTS CO., Inc., 117 E. 34th St., N. Y. C.

necessary, and it should be cleaned as seldom as possible, because cleaning makes the fibres brittle. Customers are advised against taking their good panamas to the man around the corner who cleans hats when he isn't too busy shining shoes. Knox will send the hat back to the factory, where it will be cleaned and reshaped on its original block. The charge for this service is $3; two weeks are usually required.

ONE of Wanamaker's contributions to hot-weather comfort is a three-piece flannel suit that weighs two pounds and ten ounces. The material is specially woven in England, and it comes in several patterns and in light and dark shades of gray and brown. The suits are well cut, skeleton-lined, and finished by hand. They cost $55 and are sold in the London Shop.

MAKING movies is one of the least laborious of summer pastimes, just as having your friends show them to you is one of the more tedious winter entertainments. If you're an amateur cameraman, however, or thinking of becoming one, you may be interested in the new Model 5 Victor Ciné Camera, which is remarkable because you can actually look through the lens while you adjust the focus ring. After that there is no excuse for fuzzy or underexposed pictures.

Among the other features that recommend this camera to people who like to have a permanent record of themselves as others see them is a revolving turret head which permits you to change instantly from one kind of lens to another. Also there are a variety of operating speeds, so you can take normal, fast, and slow-motion pictures. Equipped with an F2.9 Hugo Meyer lens, this model costs $220 at Willoughby, 110 West Thirty-second Street. This company will allow you credit on your old camera, and I am told the allowance is, as a rule, quite generous. —G. McC.

•

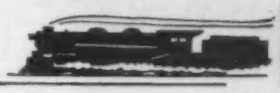
NEW YORK, June 28 (AP)—What Michigan's cherry queen thinks of Mayor Walker is not recorded, but it must be nice. Miss Signe Holmer brought him a cherry pie by plane, but it (the pie) was wrecked in landing. Miss Holmer made her excuse. "It ould hae been nice to see the pie," smiled the mayor, "but you are not hard to look at yourself."—*Boston Traveler.*

Y're nae sae hard to look at yersel', Jamie.

ALOFT · ·

AFLOAT · ·

ASHORE · ·



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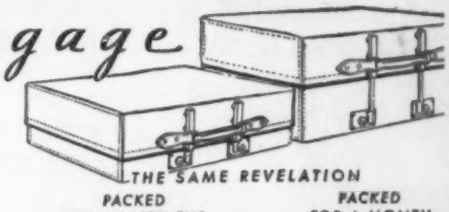
The travel-wise voyageur relies on one adjustable Revelation case because it expands to 14 different sizes to exactly fit the contents. It's always filled, yet never full, and it can't bulge or pop open at inopportune moments.

In styles and leathers to suit every taste—all moderately priced. Let us demonstrate to you the advantages of this modern hand luggage.

REVELATION *Luggage*

ADJUSTS TO FIT THE CONTENTS



THE SAME REVELATION

PACKED FOR A WEEK-END

PACKED FOR A MONTH

ROGERS PEET COMPANY

For New Yorkers

Broadway at Liberty · Broadway at Warren · Broadway at 13th St. · Herald Sq. at 35th St. · Fifth Ave. at 41st St.

For Bostoners —Tremont at Bromfield

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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FIFTH AVE. at 42ND
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CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS

Assortment of Concerti — More Toscanini — A Few New Importations

WHEN I received from Columbia an album set containing a 'cello concerto in A-minor by Schubert, I wondered whether some radio personality had got himself a job writing labels and confused Schubert with Schumann; however, it develops that there is not only a Schubert 'cello concerto but that it is even a good one—a charming work, which leaps easily and lightly into the first half-dozen ranking compositions in that form. Of course, it isn't by Schubert—if you want to be pedantic. Gaspar Cassado, a Spanish 'cellist who probably will turn up hereabouts before long, adapted it from the "Arpeggione" Sonata. The *arpeggione* was a stringed instrument invented by Staufer in Vienna long ago and it was abandoned almost as long ago. Cassado has taken a sonata which Schubert composed for this short-lived addition to the string family and fashioned himself a well-constructed, appropriately scored concerto. Most of it is Schubert; the funny business in the first movement is the virtuoso Cassado yielding to temptation. The adagio is especially fine—and the whole thing is an important addition not only to 'cello recordings but also to the 'cello repertoire. Sir Hamilton Harty leads an anonymous orchestra in his usual brilliant style, and the arranger-composer does well by himself and Schubert.

A MORE familiar concerto is the one in B flat for piano by Brahms, now available in a Victor set—imported and issued locally, as most albums seem to be. Arthur Rubinstein plays the solo part with facility and grace, and Albert Coates leads the London Symphony in a smashing but not deafening performance. This composition is no average concerto, no adventure in pyrotechnics. It is a symphony with piano, and the album is recommended to you if you want some genuine music.

Another important Victor offering is an unbelievable version of the overture to "The Barber of Seville," by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orches-

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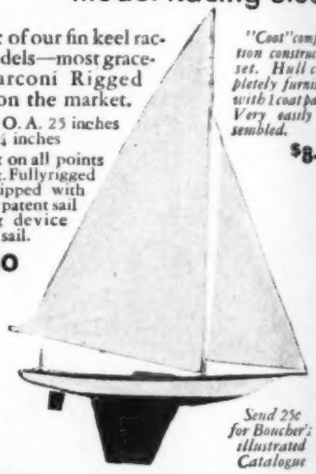

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tra conducted by Toscanini. If anybody ever asks you whether Toscanini is all that they say he is, play this disc; there's hardly anything like it for light and shade and vivacity.

IF you have not been content with any of the Beethoven "Eroica" Symphony recordings to date, you may find your salvation in a new one from Columbia, the conductor being Max von Schillings (he is scheduled to direct opera here next fall) and the orchestra being derived from the personnel of the Berlin State Orchestra. It is good, sane Beethoven playing, and the recording mechanics are excellent.

ONE of the most absorbing excursions that a record-collector can make is a jaunt through imported discs not yet released for American consumption. By courtesy of the Gramophone Shop, I report on at least one find—an English H.M.V. recording of "Tintagel," by Arnold Bax, played by the New Symphony Orchestra, led by Eugene Goossens. It is a striking composition, entirely contemporary but not at all dated. Get it now, before everybody jumps on it as his own discovery. It takes up three sides and the fourth is just as exceptional—"Mediterranean," an essay in waltz tempo which is, in its way, as good as Ravel's "La Valse" and only a quarter as long.

Other recent importations include a lovely recording for Columbia by Bruno Walter and the Berlin State Orchestra of Mozart's G-minor Symphony—a masterpiece that ought to be in your library and which is played exquisitely. The first movement is taken somewhat more slowly than usual, and loses nothing by it; and the customary exaggerated contrasts in the same movement's dynamics are omitted. While you're listening to classics, take in the third Beethoven piano concerto, expounded by Mark Hambourg with a fine accompaniment by a nameless ensemble directed by Malcolm Sargent, whose records indicate that he is a good bet for some American orchestra on the lookout for guests. H.M.V. is the sponsor. —R. A. S.

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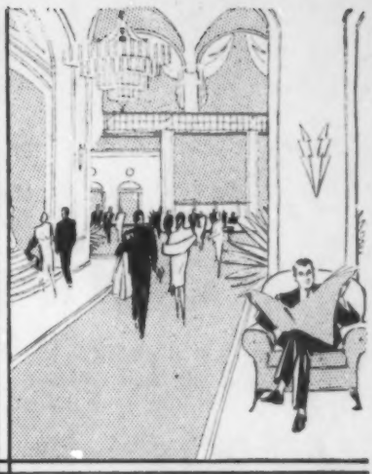

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